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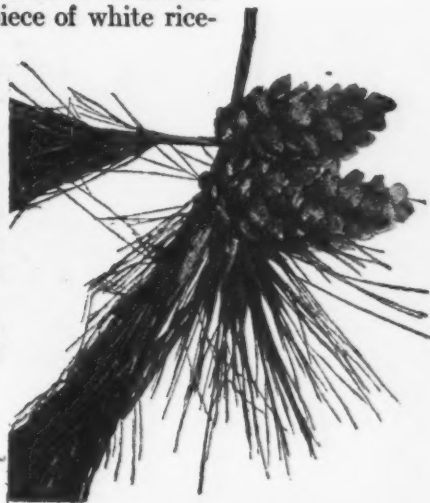
"THE PINE AT THE GATE;" A NEW YEAR'S GREETING



ON New Year's Day every man, woman and child in Japan arises at the "Hour of the Tiger," which is four a. m. according to our reckoning of time, put on new clothes (if they happen to have any) and wait for the mythical Takara-bume, a wonderful treasure ship, to sail into the harbor of their home. For days they have been busy cleaning house, covering the *soji* with fresh paper, making new clothes, paying bills and decorating their homes and streets. On the right of every doorway the honorable black pine is planted; on the left is a small, red pine tree, indicating long life; the feathery branches of the bamboo are there also, typical of health and strength; stretched across the gateway or threshold of the house is a thick plaited rope of rice straw with various emblems of good luck hanging from it; there is a red lobster typifying long life; a budding yusuri branch, meaning that there are young people within the house growing up to take the place of the old; two fern fronds symbolical of the unity and happiness of wedded life; a small bud to represent fruitfulness; bits of charcoal symbolical of the fireside or home; strips of sea-weed which stand for rejoicing; oranges and twisted pieces of pure white rice paper cut diagonally, typifying the purity of the soul. Even the poorest have some emblem to attract the attention of the gods be it only a fluttering piece of white rice-paper or a tiny sprig from a pine tree.

The seven jolly gods of good luck like to see these symbols of themselves and their gifts, declare the Japanese legends, much as our legends declare that as the Christ child walks over the earth on Christmas Eve He likes to go into the house that has a green wreath at the window, put there in His memory, or touch the lintel of the door that has a sprig of green upon it, thus blessing the household that shows this symbol of eternity.

In this auspicious *sampan* are the seven gods of good luck. First of all is Daikoku, the god of





"THE PINE AT THE GATE"



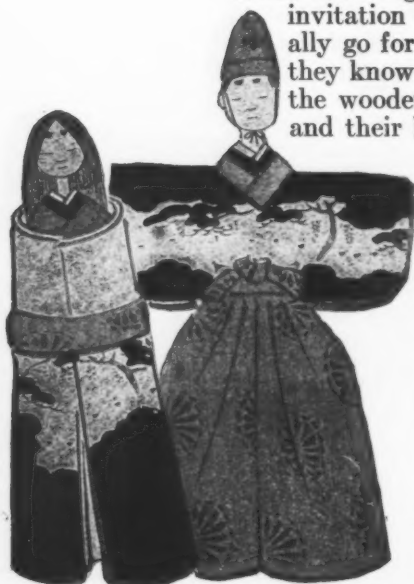
Old woman looking for a baby which comes in a peach as our babies are brought by the storks.

wealth, sitting upon a bale of rice; Benton, the goddess of beauty, who rides about upon a dragon (is this the same as our Beauty and the Beast?); Bishamon, the god of war, meaning death to all enemies of the household; Hotei, fat god of good nature, carrying huge sacks of happiness; Jorokujin, who reads the thoughts of animals; Fukurokuji, whose long head and pet crane typify fine, old age; and Ebisu, with a monster fish, which shows that all who work hard and struggle manfully will be rewarded.

When this delightful company of gods see a pine tree at the gate as invitation to them to go into the house, they quite naturally go for a visit and leave gifts for the family, especially if they know (and, of course, they know all things) that under the wooden pillow of the children is a picture of themselves and their boat. They like strangers to visit their land, so I was told, and my landlord saw to it that I should not be overlooked by these gods of good luck, for by the gateposts of my tiny cottage he planted pine and bamboo and bound them together with ropes of rice straw.

"At every door the pine trees stand:
One mile post more to the spirit land
And as there's gladness, so there's sadness."

Thus was I assured a full measure of joyousness for the New Year, spiced a bit with the bitter sadness that makes the gladness sweeter.



Quaint Japanese
New Year's dolls
of paper.

"THE PINE AT THE GATE"

His children brought me gifts; a flowery plum tree, three rice cakes to be placed before the bronze Buddha that sat in my Tokonoma, and wished that I might be "as old as the pine, as strong as the bamboo, that the storks might make nests in my chimneys and that the turtle (meaning long life) might crawl over my floor." These little children, Chiyo and Heroshi, were arrayed like the sunset clouds and carried wands of white paper and tiny wreaths of straw, and the presents were tied up in waxed red and white strings, with a funny card, representing a gift of fish, stuck in, much as we put a Christmas card or a sprig of holly in our gift boxes. I was given a cup of tea, made of water drawn from a well as the first ray of the New Year's sun touched it, a dish of rice, the first of the season's crop, a cup of *sake* in a red lacquer cup that eternal youth might be mine, a beautiful box of sweetmeats and a wonderful carved image of Benton the goddess of beauty, whose favor alas, has been withheld though she even now rests upon my table. The children were spellbound with the beauty of their first Christmas tree, laden with candles, sparkling with tinsel rays of light from the golden Star of Bethlehem that shone from the tip. My Christmas tree to their mind was the pine at the gate brought into the house for some mysterious reason.



Part of the New Year's pleasure is in telling stories to children of legends: This picture embodies one of their favorite stories.

"THE PINE AT THE GATE"

JAPANESE children are trained in the love of the New Year's gods and their poetic symbolisms, as our children are taught of the jolly, rotund Santa Claus and his pack of gifts for good children. They are taught reverence for beauty and are given little plum trees to water, to care for, to place in the sun and finally to be given away to parents, friend or stranger on New Year's day. For a year will they tend this tiny tree for the joy of giving it, and all that it means, to some one on New Year's day. Thus early is instilled in their mind the joy of giving and the virtue of creating beauty.

Every writer of Japan must needs speak of the love and devotion given children; they are the center of the family's life and hope and happiness. They are obedient, always happy and courteous and dressed in the gayest colors possible to obtain from their highly developed art of dyeing. Lafcadio Hearn says: "I wish I could be reincarnated in some little Japanese baby so that I could see and feel the world as beautifully as a Japanese brain does."

Every child in the land is taught the inner meaning of everything that they see, for nothing in this land of poetic images is just as it seems from the outside. It always has some historic or poetic association that must be learned by the children as they learn the spoken name for it. When the little children give gifts they give the gift of thought at the same time. With a bunch of red berries which means, winter with its care for the life of birds, they place a tiny sprig of pussy willow or a small, green leaf, which means that even in winter is the hope of spring. A favorite combination for a New Year's gift is shown in the first picture called "The Three Friends of Winter." In the little vase the child is carrying is a dwarf pine tree representing long life and family love, because the green needles radiate from a common center, and there is a tiny plum tree, signifying grace and sweetness, and bamboo, which means purity, integrity, for it is straight and has a white heart. These three things are typical of friendship that no winter storm can harm.

Japanese artists delight in following the year with their brush and seldom paint a flower or a landscape out of season. They feel that inspiration comes from the association of the flower with its natural time of blooming. The people themselves closely follow the year within their homes. The Tokonoma upon the wall indicates the month of the year or the festivals of that month and is constantly changed to keep pace with the passing of days. The happy joyous spirit of the New Year seems to have given their artists a special inspiration, for some of their most celebrated pictures are of the New Year's sun rising above the ocean, the pine at the gate, plum tree blossoming in the sun, bamboo, storks, tortoises with sea-weed



From a Color Print by Helen Hyde.

"THE THREE FRIENDS OF WINTER" shows a little girl carrying a vase in which is a dwarf pine tree representing long life; the blossoming plum which means grace and sweetness, and a piece of bamboo which signifies purity for it has a white heart.



From a Color Print by Helen Hyde.

"THE LITTLE PINK PLUM" caught in a flurry of snow: The little girl in the picture picks a dainty way through the snow where her beloved Ume, the plum tree, stands, dressed in rose and white.



From a Color Print by Helen Hyde.

"MY NEIGHBORS" is the title Miss Hyde has given this picture showing a child giving a portion of its New Year's cake to the birds.



*From a Color Print by Helen Hyde:
Loaned by Mrs. G. Du Bois.*

"THE BORROWED UMBRELLA" shows a little Japanese girl going to visit her friends on New Year's Day carrying a huge green umbrella loaned by some foreign-born friend.

"THE PINE AT THE GATE"

upon their back, the treasure ship with its load of jolly gods and of the timely game of battledore and shuttlecock which every girl plays on New Year's morning.

This, the favorite festival of the Japanese calendar, has also given impetus to most delightful color prints of an American artist, Helen Hyde, who has lived for years in the Land of the Rising Sun that she might watch those charming rainbow-hued babies at play, at school, asleep upon their mother's back. Her work has now an international reputation for she has caught the happy, native spirit of Japanese childhood and reproduced it with her own clear-seeing American individuality. Her work has much of the Japanese decorative management of color, their vitality of line and simplicity of subject. She has not studied with any teacher or school save that of constant observation, and learned the language so that she might speak to those butterfly-bright children in their own tongue and get acquainted with their games and fancies.

IN "The Three Friends of Winter" we see an illustration of the child's proud delight in bearing a present of an arrangement of the pine, plum and bamboo to some friend. How tenderly she carries the little trees she has watched over for a year, what love of beauty and gentle sympathy is being cultivated in that mite of humanity for the growing things of the world, as well as for her people!

Another of Miss Hyde's color prints, the little pink plum blossom, tells the story of a little girl's visit to the blossoming plum tree covered with snow. The dwarf plum blossoms early and it sometimes happens that snow will rest lightly for a brief hour or so upon its pink blossoms. Whenever such a lovely thing happens the whole neighborhood rushes out to see the exquisite sight. There is much worship in temples to the sound of drums in that land, and there is also much of a spell-bound worship of the beautiful in nature. Adoration of beauty bears a close resemblance to the worship of the god of temples over there, and mothers early instill in their children a reverence for whatever is beautiful. The little girl in the picture picks a dainty way through the snow on her storm-high *geta* to where the dwarf plum, the beloved Ume, stands dressed in rose and white.

Another print shows the mother teaching her child to feed the birds. Such tender, pretty pictures of Japanese life are always in evidence in that land, for the children are taught to care for all living things and to share their food with birds, beasts or any one in need. This little New Year's picture of the child giving part of her New Year's rice to the bird in the tree is handled with all the sympathy belonging to a native Japanese, but with the American vigor of ex-

"THE PINE AT THE GATE"



A jolly dancing game of the animals.

pression. Some delicate, poetic thought prompted every stroke of her brush. She seems always to be intent only upon the reproduction of the pattern in a dress, the drawing of a tree branch or carving over the door, but in reality she tries for the gentle spirit of love and consideration welling from the heart of those worshipping mothers and their brown-eyed children.

The children in the cities frequented by foreigners take a great interest in their strange clothes and belongings. Another of Miss Hyde's drawings shows a little girl struggling with a borrowed umbrella. Very grand, indeed, she feels buffeting the storm with this cumbersome substitute for her own light, graceful bamboo and paper one that might be yellow, lavender, bright blue, perhaps, or even all these colors and several others used at once. One of the charms of Miss Hyde's work lies in her exquisite use of color. The four full-page reproductions of the dainty children that she loves to draw do not do her justice for the soft coloring is absent. The marginal sketches are from Japanese prints picked up at those picturesque night fairs held on the streets of every city and village at New Year's time.

SHAKESPEARE—THE MAN OF WISDOM: OUR NATIONAL CELEBRATION IN HIS HONOR: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



WISDOM seems to be the great vital characteristic of Shakespeare, the searching, rich wisdom of simple country folk; as though he were the wise man of each countryside, of each nation in the world. As one re-reads him play after play, verse after verse, more and more one is impressed with the variable quality of his dramatic attainment, at times stupendous and at times stumbling; more and more one realizes that his people are seldom real, that they are the embodiment of the wisdom of their time and class; and that his verse varies, that it is impressive, imaginative, or incomplete, unsatisfactory, sometimes analytical, humorous or dull. But his wisdom never fails. For the adventurous man he tells us:

"There is a tide in the affairs
of men
Which taken at the flood, leads
on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their
life
Is bound in shallows and in
miseries."

For the self-seeking:
"You have too much respect
upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with
much care."

For the failure:
"How bitter a thing it is to look
into happiness through an-
other man's eyes!"

He knows the tactful man
and he draws a very fine line
between forced association and
the sociability of the heart,
when he says: "I will buy with
you, sell with you, talk with
you, walk with you, and so fol-
lowing; but I will not eat with
you, drink with you, nor pray
with you." And being so wise
for the man of affairs, for the



Shakespeare
from the
statue by
J. Q. A.
Ward.

SHAKESPEARE: THE MAN OF WISDOM

man who is "chronicling small beer," for the man who is dissatisfied with his achievement, also he is wise, gently so, heavenly so, with the lover. What more marvelous embodiment of the fulness of a man's passion than

"Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men."

From these and many other quotations one realizes how completely Shakespeare's wisdom must have come to him as a child, as a youth, as a young man. It is not the cynicism of the blasé; he does not say the cold, hard, wise things with which Pope has sharpened life; he does not use the large measure for expressing the small thought as so often is the case with Milton, who tells us

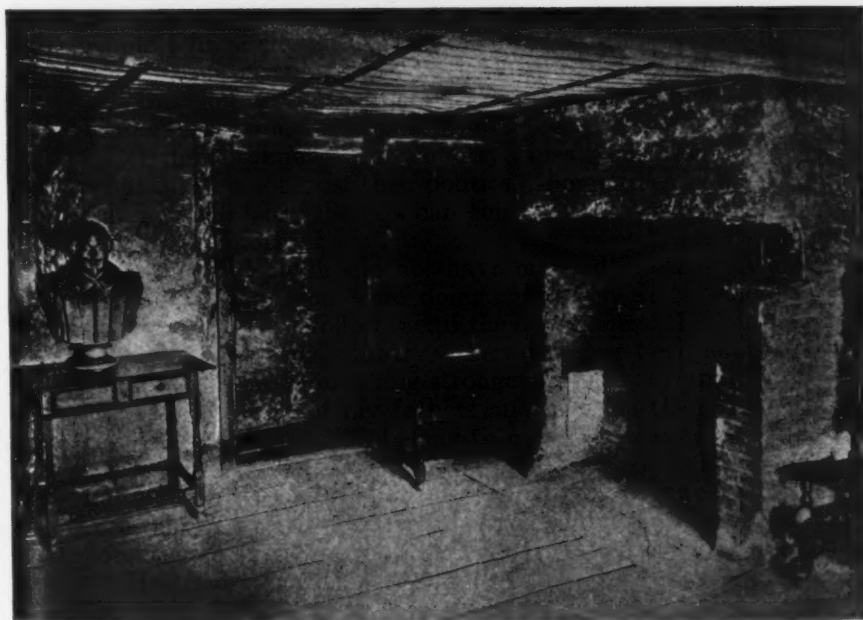
"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Shakespeare must have had, in those wonderful twenty years when he lived in the country, the open eye and the sympathetic heart, he must have been able to think straight and see clear. And then, what surroundings to develop his genius were those of his boyhood days! He was born at Stratford, made famous by this event, and all about him was the picturesque land of romantic history, of poetry. He lived in the eventful days of Queen Bess and at the very edge of the old Forest of Arden, so filled with the minstrels and wanderers and free men of Elizabeth's period. He was in the heart of the most picturesque, rural England, in the loveliest woodland scenery, at a time when England was making Mediæval romance, a time that is an inspiration still for the fiction of the imaginative person. He must have understood hawking and the hounds, and he must have lived very close to the birds and wild animals. He was an expert angler, and also had a wide-reaching knowledge of the making of English gardens. Then, with his genius for truth he saw all these conditions in relation to great human interests. Through the country, through the people, through politics, society, warfare, always the human side was reached by Shakespeare. Man's happiness, success, suffering, the conflict of different races, of different ideals, these were the things that he outlined in rich, unfadable colors against the background of the romantic surroundings of his own land

Anne
Hath-
away's
cot-
tage
at
Strat-
ford
on
Avon.



*Both Pictures Used by
Courtesy of the New
York Public Library.*



The
room
in the
old
Strat-
ford
House
in which
Shake-
speare
was
born.

"Taming
of the
Shrew."



Courtesy of the New York Public Library.

SHAKESPEARE'S grave in
the old Stratford Church.

SHAKESPEARE: THE MAN OF WISDOM

and of others, a knowledge of which he gained from wide study and reading.

At the time of Shakespeare's life probably no land was richer with both contemporaneous interest and with that history removed but by a few generations. And a more picturesque land than Warwickshire could not have been chosen for the education of a great national poet. From the time of the Roman occupation it had played an important part in national history. Indestructible Roman roadstraversed the district, and Stratford got its name from the ford where one of these *streets*, as they were called, crossed the Avon. There were sites of the old Roman camps in the neighborhood. Later, from its central position Warwickshire was occupied by rival armies in the Central Wars. The decisive battles of the War of the Roses were fought on its borderland. Queen Elizabeth's famous visit to Robert Dudley at Kenilworth in fifteen hundred and seventy-five, and the holiday pageant in her honor, which lasted from July ninth to the twenty-seventh, must have occurred when Shakespeare was eleven years old, and there are passages in "Midsummer Night's Dream" which appear to be reminiscent of the Kenilworth festival, of what the boy saw or at least heard of it.

What phase of life more thrilling could a boy have touched than those times of hero bandits in the Arden Forests? Guy of Warwick was a foremost hero in the popular poetry of those days and his gigantic specter still haunts the scenery of his exploits. English drama also had birth and considerable flowering in those days. Coventry was famous for its religious plays performed by the Gray Friars of the great monastery. Naturally young Shakespeare witnessed these plays; the stories and legends were told to him and his imagination was fired and his taste for drama developed.

Of his actual school education we know but little; but how unimportant would have been what any master could have told him in tedious shut-in, dingy hours compared with what life held for him, what country, history and romance taught him daily. He literally possessed the world-education, a marvelous foundation for the towering genius that shot through his own times with splendid achievement and has held the fancy and the memory of the world with increasing power and vividness. That he was successful in London, means that, too, he must have been a man of business; and why should not some of his colossal wisdom have been employed for the comfort and joy of himself and family as well as for the interest, the education and the inspiration of peoples to come.

It is with Shakespeare as with the greatest of artists throughout all times; the desire to explain, to instruct, to make clear, employs

SHAKESPEARE:



William Shakespeare from an old English painting.

Was there ever such a wild garden presented so fragrantly and exquisitely! And then again of the man whom he doubts for his soft words he says:

"Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of
human kindness."

As life in the country teaches a boy that where there is kindness there is also the rough edge, that whereas Nature is lavish, she is also brutal, and that in each man is his own development, his own creative force, the poet must have written from experience that "a man's observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health." In nature's own school he must have learned that the growth of

symbols that must have been impressed upon his consciousness in youthful days. Listen to what Shakespeare says to the weary:

"O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse! How
have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt
weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

To the gardener he brings the heart of spring:

"I know a bank where the
wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nod-
ding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with
luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and
with eglantine."



"The Othello House" from a pencil sketch by an English artist.

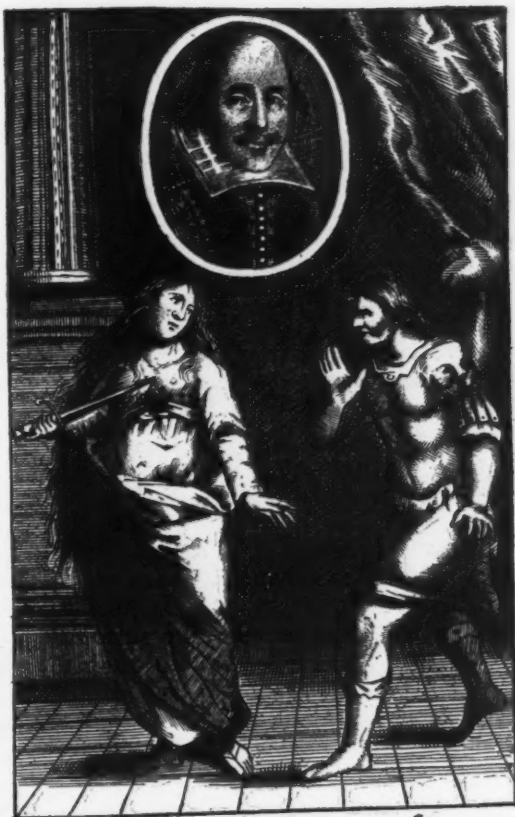
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man, mental and physical, is what he wills it; it cannot be given to him or taken from him.

That he suffered in later days, and in those hard first days in London, and yet had the courage of his genius, perhaps of his necessity, we realize when he tells us that "Come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

Of his debt to others for the richness of his wisdom there can be no doubt and there can be no real concern. Of this Landor answered his critics a generation ago, "When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, we must remember that he was more original than his originals." Though he sometimes borrowed a plot it was not illuminated until it had passed through his mind, and although he borrowed a phrase it was not made into the currency of the world until it had been transfused with his wit and wisdom.

In the presence of Shakespeare's women one feels that what he wished to present in each and all was his ideal of woman under given conditions, not to make a single rounded personality, good and bad, virtuous and ignorant, dull and witty, as life and conditions would force upon human nature. We do not remember his women with the tenderness we feel toward our friends, but we do remember them with significance because they have embodied for us the perfection of womanly virtues; they have shown us all that a woman could accom-



*The Fates decree, that tis a mighty wrong
To Women kinde, to have more Griefe, then Tongue
Will: Gilb. Jon. : John Stafford ex. cut.*

SHAKESPEARE: THE MAN OF WISDOM

plish if she were a perfect human being, the bright thing that every artist, every mother, every lover is striving for. His women died for love, suffered for love, languished for love, but they are never mean or small or petty for love. And so, if a villain is created—a great complete villain withal is presented, for us to recognize and deplore. In truth Shakespeare was the great teacher and so his people are *for all time*.

Our ideals have changed but little in many centuries and that which *was* noble and right and helpful, still is so, and this is in reality why Shakespeare holds such vast help for all countries, for all ages, why, in fact, we in America at the present moment are planning the tercentenary celebration of Shakespeare's life; why we believe that Shakespeare festivals, Shakespeare dramatic presentations, Shakespeare lectures and musical festivals should be held all over America this year. Not merely to do homage to a real poet, to a great dramatist, but to pay our tribute to the wisest man we know. Think what his wisdom has done to help people along the difficult, embarrassing and tortuous paths they have been treading these past three hundred years! And just so far as he has illuminated our way we wish to give thanks. We feel that three hundred years hence there will be the same great desire to profit by Shakespeare's wisdom, and to show appreciation for all he has accomplished for humanity.

The nation-wide celebration of Shakespeare Tercentenary originated with the Drama League of America. The movement has been organized by this association, and the Eastern headquarters of the celebration are in the same building with the Drama League of New York, hence, the Drama League wishes to render every possible assistance to those contemplating celebrations anywhere throughout the country. It has collected material to this end and will be glad to advise and supply information to those writing to either Chicago or New York headquarters. Some of the forms which the celebration will take are as follows: plays, masques, festivals, pageants, music, dancing, chorus, lectures, sermons, art and craft exhibitions, club programs, library exhibits, study courses, story telling, tableaux, planting of trees, and developing of Shakespeare gardens. All of these celebrations throughout the country, in our public schools, in our dramatic societies, in private clubs will lead up to the big Shakespearean masque to be given in New York in May, nineteen hundred and sixteen, and it is to be hoped that all who have been getting up smaller festivals throughout the country will be able to participate in some part in the masque, either as a costumed audience, in the pageant or among the dancers. A branch of the English Folk Dance



BOOTH AS "HAMLET"—

"Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

—"Hamlet."



HELENA MODJESKA, the famous Polish actress in the costume in which she played "Rosalind" in America.

It is interesting to remember that Modjeska starred with Edwin Booth in Shakespeare productions: Her most famous presentations were Ophelia, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth.

ELEONORA DUSE, the greatest of Italian actresses, as "Cleopatra" in "Antony and Cleopatra."

Duse's art, as all who have seen her in America will remember, is distinguished for its simplicity, coupled with subtle intensity of expression.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
as "Iago" in his own production
of "Othello."

Mr. Faversham is known as one of the most enthusiastic, courageous and intelligent producers of Shakespeare in America: The fact that he has faced all the difficulties of producing Shakespeare in order to act Shakespeare in America indicates something of his high-hearted interest.

A SCENE BETWEEN
WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
as "Iago" and Cissie Loftus
as "Desdemona" in Mr.
Faversham's very modern and
beautiful production of
"Othello."

This production was particularly artistic keeping the old feeling of "Othello" as one recalls it in the early productions in England and America, at the same time both color and construction of scenery was vastly fresh and vivid.





ELLEN TERRY as "Beatrice:" England's most loved Shakespearian actress.

"For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye."

—"Love's Labor Lost."

From the Collection of Fred A. King.

Edith Wynne
Matthison as
"Rosalind."

"I had rather have a fool
to make me
merry than ex-
perience to
make me sad."
—"As You Like
It."



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Society, here in America, will form classes and arrange competitions in the Morris and the Sword dances. Libraries all over America are offering their help, making books of the Elizabethan period accessible and procuring a larger supply of Shakespearian plays and of books written about Shakespeare as a poet, artist, actor, husband, father, scientist, etc. The N. Y. Public Library will give an exhibition early in January in which books relating to Shakespeare will form an important item. Miss Ada Rehan has donated to the Library her "prompt books" containing notes, comments and directions on Shakespeare plays by Augustin Daly.

Although the great Shakespeare masque written by Percy MacKaye will not be played in New York until May, already it is under way and the public production is being planned. The masque is to be performed by the most distinguished professionals, with the coöperation of a thousand trained amateurs. It is possible that a company will take the masque on circuit through the country eventually. As this would be presented in the form of a pageant, home talent may be used for the "supers;" this will tend to increase the interest in the production throughout the country. Of course, it is expected that other pageants will be formed in cities and country towns; there will also be folk fêtes and processions, folk dancing, singing and merry-making; indeed, these festivals will very largely take the form of the English May-day, both in the matter presented and in the costumes.

Shakespeare music is being got together throughout the country and can be found at the libraries and sold at the bookshops. We have little idea how much music has been inspired by Shakespeare plays. A list complete would take the space of this article. Some of the composers who have sought to add the beauty of tone to the beauty of the Shakespearian art are Tchaikowsky in his fantasy of "Romeo and Juliet;" Mendelssohn in the incidental music of "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Liszt in the "Hamlet" music; Beethoven for "Coriolanus;" and Verdi for "Othello" and "Falstaff." Almost every nation has written music for Shakespeare poems just as every nation practically has translated and produced his plays. His nature poems have especially inspired the simple lieder-music of foreign lands, and many accompaniments have been prepared for the "Passionate Pilgrim," for the sonnets, for "Venus and Adonis." The League has already been assured of the desire of the National Federation of Musical Clubs to coöperate in pushing the musical side of the work, and the music clubs have announced their intention of taking this as an opportunity to accomplish a wider musical education, as Shakespeare drama will accomplish a wider literary education. Already

*All the
Following
Engravings
Are
from the
Private
Collection
of
Guy
Nichols.*



Mr. Barry Sullivan as "Hamlet" from an old English engraving.

ture course, they can be helped through the League Headquarters.

As yet Mr. MacKaye has said but little about the form which the masque will take. Mainly he has told the public that it is to be a masque of universal peace, a community masque. In effect it will present the theater of all ages, the early Oriental countries—Persia, India, China, Egypt; following, the Classic period of Greece and her imitator Rome; then the Elizabethan stage of Shakespeare, which will include all Mediæval drama, and after that the modern days of Europe and

SHAKESPEARE:

the glee clubs, the college orchestras, the mandolin clubs have commenced to focus their attention upon Shakespeare music, that they may be of value to the dramatic presentations of their own town.

A variety of programs for the rural celebrations have been prepared by the Drama League, so that whether the village wishes to present Shakespeare for a children's festival, a fairy or a flower festival, a music or a lec-



Mr. G. V. Brooke as "Hamlet" from an old English engraving.

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America. But although this will present the theater of all ages, the more subtle enduring purpose that the masque hopes to accomplish is what Mr. MacKaye calls the redemption of leisure in America. He feels that in America we have lost our capacity to enjoy leisure, to benefit by it. We have let it become mixed up with that terrible state, idleness, which brings happiness to no man. We have grown accustomed,



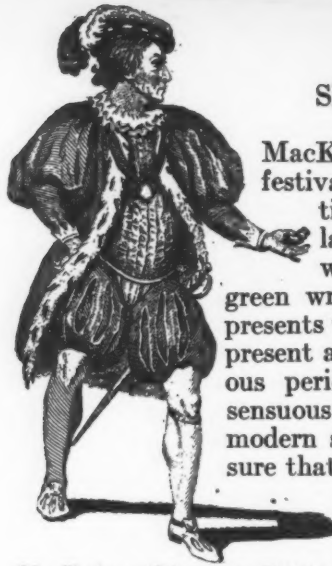
Mr. Charles Kean as "Hamlet."



Mr. Henry Irving as "Hamlet."

among the rich and the poor both, to regard leisure as a stopping of work, a ceasing from all activity; whereas in past days, as will be shown in the masque in country after country, leisure meant a beautiful opportunity for finer enjoyment. Leisure may be employed in reading poetry, listening to music, in dancing and watching dancing, in festivals, secular and religious, in the growing of flowers, in social intercourse, in the beautiful experiment of home existence. But alas, this is not what we mean to-day when we say leisure, this is not the way most of us spend our vacation and holidays in America. Mainly, we have let idleness creep in, and our empty days have grown sordid. What Mr.

SHAKESPEARE:



Mr. Clarke as "Henry the Eighth."

The portion of the masque which presents the Elizabethan period will naturally dwell almost wholly upon Shakespeare, his life and the drama which he has produced as a record of his life. No more romantic season of England's history could be taken for



Mrs. Yates in the character of "Isabella."

MacKaye wishes to bring home to us is the old festival spirit, the joy of the days when recreation, which means re-creation, filled the land with music, with floral celebrations, with the contests of great singers, with green wreaths for athletic victors. And so as he presents the theater of all ages, Mr. MacKaye will present also a vision of the joy and beauty of various periods of history, from the sensuous Oriental at play to the modern shackled formality. I am sure that he hopes, though he does not say so, that a lesson will be received for our play-makers in this

The reason that THE CRAFTSMAN has been so interested and eager to present this Shakespeare celebration at the very beginning of its growth is because, reverting to our title, we believe Shakespeare to have been a man of such wisdom, such interest in humanity, so rich in inspiration, so sure a philosopher, that the widest understanding of him, the most profound study of his work, the fullest appreciation and sympathy with him will enrich the world in every phase of art, and especially and most continuedly and hopefully in that most difficult art of living.



Mr. Woodward in the character of "Petruchio."

Young
character
Cleopat

THE MAN OF WISDOM

Certainly Shakespeare, perhaps more than any other man who has ever lived, helps us to realize the truth of Whitman's great thought, "Each of us is inevitable, each of us is limitless, each of us with his or her right upon the earth."

Whitman's way of stating truths was simpler than Shakespeare's, but none the less well entrenched in humanity, each belonging to his age and yet each seeing back and forward into all ages; each possessing the genius of eliminating all futility, all criticism, just presenting life with the rich sweet fragrance that has belonged to it from immemorial days.

It is perhaps impossible to study Shakespeare first for his humanity; almost inevitably plays are read primarily for pleasure, secondarily for study, for culture, and lastly for spiritual significance. It is the people who already know him by heart, who read Shakespeare as a great moralist, a great teacher, a great humanitarian. And over and over again we find that his philosophy has its source in his knowledge of nature, in his understanding that must have come in those early Warwickshire days. Out of his memory as a lover in green woods he must have written, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

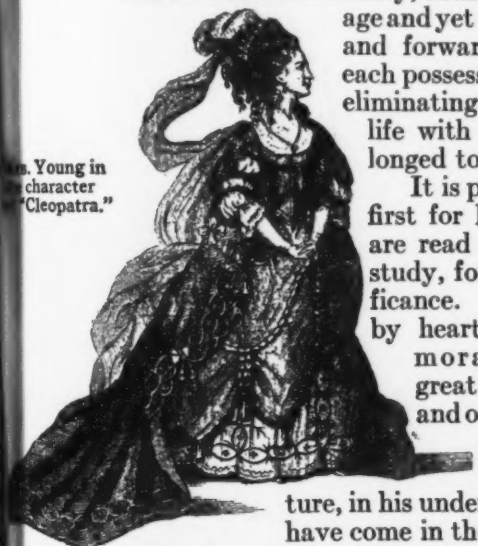
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony."

We have yet to find the man of wisdom, who has lived his early days on broad plains or in high mountains or in deep forests or close to the music of the sea, who does not owe the riches of his life to Nature's teachings.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The pictures on pages 360, 361, 362 and 363 have been most kindly loaned from the rare collection of Mr. Guy Nichols, to whom THE CRAFTSMAN is greatly indebted.



Mrs. Mattox in the character of "Princess Catherine."



Mrs. Young in the character of "Cleopatra."



Mr. Brereton as "Troilus."

THE SAD PEOPLE OF THE HIGH HILLS: THE UNCONQUERABLE SERBS



OMEN were found in the trenches, and little boys were silent beside them with the flag of their country in their tiny hands." This is the brief report printed in a newspaper one morning after a battle in Servia that had drained the population almost to the last unit. With all the horror, the unspeakable horror of war, occasionally such a note as this lifts the soul to the limit of spiritual boundaries, and we realize that in Servia as in other countries where people have led wild, primitive lives demanding great strength and courage, that in terrible emergency the spirit of the hilltop burns again in the souls of heroes, of men, women and little children.

We have recently come across, in a Chicago paper, the name of which we unfortunately have forgotten, a poem which must have been written after reading the note quoted at the beginning of this article, and which we are republishing here because we feel that these are the times just now when every splendid deed must be cherished because so much that is horrible and heart breaking is all about us. We see constantly, war as a monstrosity; if war can make heroes, let us hear of it daily, hourly, lest our spirits break.

THE SPLENDID SERB.

"By your old men's bones on the mountain,
By the blood of your youth in the plain,
By the tears unshed for your holy dead,
By the children of your slain,
Ye who fought till no fight availeth,
O Serbs! 'Tis the hour to shield
All that is left of your people—
The hour to yield!

"Hark! On the hill-winds ringing
O'er the thundrous drone of war,
From the snowy height of Kara Dagh
To the valleys of Vardar,
The splendid Serb has answered
From a patriot's soul of flame,
'Better to die in honor
Than to live in shame!'

"It is said . . . it is done. Till we perish.
We fight and we ask not why,
Back from our blacken'd homes and fields,

From
a
Photo-
graph
by
Baron
de
Meyer.



THE PICTURESQUE TYPE OF GREEK GYPSY
often seen in the Balkans: The seller of apples and
fruit, probably born on the shore of the Bosphorus.



*From
a
Photo-
graph
by
Baron
de
Meyer.*

AN OLD ANATOLIAN BEGGAR of rarely dignified aspect and romantic appearance.

THE SAD PEOPLE OF THE HIGH HILLS

Till we've nothing left but the sky,
Till the last lone man on the last lone hill
Shall cry as death calls his name:
'Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!'

"O world of men and sorrows!
In words of immortal light,
The whole of the art of living,
The creed of eternal right,
Comes down from the Serbian summit,
For each man's soul the same:
'Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!' "

—James Bernard Fagan.

Throughout the Balkans there is the opportunity for the inspiration of valiant youth, for the country is severe to a degree; there are the high snow-capped mountains and the low hills and the fertile valleys, but always life seems hard. There are the few rich towns with museums and pictures and music, but they are small towns and they are fed from the hills beyond, both physically and spiritually. Naturally the wildness of the life has led to ungoverned temperament and picturesqueness of dress, for the people who are battling for existence in the storms of hilltops have little time for social convention or for fashion in existence. Their life must be plain and humble, their dress must be durable, and because the longing for beauty is in all primitive people, wonderful color finds its way into the decoration of home and costume. Out over the hills and on the narrow roadways and in the little huts of the shepherds you find interesting weaving, rich and rare embroidery and splendid color. The result is that the Serbian people, the Greek gypsies, the Montenegrins, the Bulgarians and the Turks, are all people of interesting, definite personality and of picturesque dress.

A YEAR ago THE CRAFTSMAN had the good fortune to see some photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer of the people in this remote and just now, vitally interesting part of Europe. Baron de Meyer had made a trip through the Balkans and Turkey shortly after the war, and everywhere he found the most interesting food for his camera; young and old, men and women, at gateways, in front of old temples, carrying burdens down the hillside or loitering in the gardens—these people without effort and without posing, made pictures of lasting and often sculptural beauty. We have had

THE SAD PEOPLE OF THE HIGH HILLS

the good fortune to secure for illustration six of these pictures, which we feel tell the story of this country of vivid contrast, of beauty and misery, as no words could ever depict it.

It is quite extraordinary the variety of interest which Baron de Meyer found, as he said, without the slightest effort, merely stopping a vagrant, bribing a boy, offering a sou to a woman, young or old, and immediately the outline of beauty was secured—the wonderful folds of men's brilliant coats, the white veils folded about the heads of men or flowing from the faces of women, the dusky Montenegrin boy, all unconscious of the picture he is making leaning against the beautiful outline of an ancient window. And near the boy watching him intently, a woman half hidden in the drapery of her gorgeous shawl, a mixture of races—Egyptian and Turkish, faintly hinting at negro, a weary face and suspicious, but the ensemble beautiful in color and form.

Perhaps the loveliest of the photographs are the Greek gypsies that are found roaming throughout the Balkans, possessing the straight, fine features we always attribute to that race of beauty, with eyes set well apart, strong brows over them and mouth large and capable of most intelligent and humorous expression. Sometimes they rove idly over the world, sometimes they are market people, and sometimes merely lovely beggars well worth the price of a little coin, for the charm with which they receive it and the atmosphere of beauty always about them.

And interesting, because a rare photograph in the collection, is that of a Turkish lady of highest class sufficiently Europeanized not to object to the photographer. A change is taking place in Turkey among women of the harem; and those who still wear the veil, the women of social distinction, have reduced it to the thinnest gauze, a covering which accents their beauty and which does not hide the world from their eager gaze.

A picturesque, vivid figure, photographed in the Balkans, the type of old Greek gypsy so often seen gives a real impression of the love of beauty, latent still in the Greek soul, not only in the drapery so gracefully managed, but in the colors embroidered upon the linen, and in the great swinging gold earrings set with bright jewels. A companion piece to the Greek woman is the old Anatolian wayfarer, probably a beggar, but delightful picture-material with his white beard, white twist of muslin about his head and long, graceful coat.

EVERYWHERE through this land of tragedy the humblest folk are found, making the landscape interesting and beautiful. One may not take even the shortest walk through the low lands or climb up the mountains without gaining something of beauty.



From a Photograph by Baron de Meyer.

A TURKISH LADY OF HIGH
degree who is sufficiently European
not to object to being photographed.



From a Photograph by Baron de Meyer.

**A TYPE OF GREEK GYPSY OFTEN SEEN IN
the Balkans: Of special pictorial interest for her white
draperies, richly embroidered, and her jeweled earrings.**



From a Photograph by Baron de Meyer.

**A WOMAN OF THE LOWER CLASS, PARTLY
Turkish, partly Egyptian: Interested in being photo-
graphed but anxious that her face should not show.**



From a Photograph by Baron de Meyer.

**A NUBIAN NEGRO BOY WHO BY CHANCE
as he rests against a beautiful bit of architec-
ture makes a picture of rare classic outline.**

THE SAD PEOPLE OF THE HIGH HILLS

The loveliness of the hills themselves and of the architecture passes belief. At Ragusa, of which we are hearing such tragedies today, there was beauty beyond words—the old cloister of the Franciscans “with its double columns supporting narrow arches, its fifteenth century fountain between long, stone benches, and the roses—only the orange tree in the corner opposite vies with them for fragrance, while the palms’ sharp fingers cast black shadows on the friars’ walk.

“At the farther end of the Stradone is the fifteenth century clock tower; and beside it stands La Sponza, the ancient mint and custom house, a wonderfully charming building, a Venetian *facade* with a Renaissance loggia, and a double cloister about its small *cortile*, where still the *contadini* gather to dispute over the weights and taxes. This constant presence of the gaily dressed country folk adds so much to the charm of Ragusa, that sometimes architectural details are overlooked.

“But for the loveliness of the Rector’s Palace, a short distance beyond the Custom House, no adjectives are adequate. The massive columns, the richly carved capitals, supporting graceful arches, are but an introduction to the splendid entrance—the Porta della Carita, flanked by long arcaded benches of marble; and the dignified double cloister, with its comparatively modern stairway; and the details—it is not enough to revel in the sensuous beauty of the whole, the perfect proportions, the creamy color, the lights and shadows in its deep reveals. Surely those curious pictured scenes upon Onofrio’s capitals, the exquisite finish of those leaves and flowers, veritable gems of Gothic sculpture, must not be overlooked.”

And on the way from Ragusa to Gacko, what scenes of loveliness were to be found—a bride passes by, possibly from Albania with her wool skirt, embroidered apron and a long, red, sleeveless coat trimmed heavily with gold; her open jacket has great silver knobs and down the front are lace ruffles, coins hang from her cap, and her belt buckle is enormous and beautifully wrought, over her head is the white kerchief, over which is draped a scarlet *bashilik* with tasselled fringe. She smiles as she follows her new husband, little thinking of the tragedies that await her or that soon he may be in the heart of the firing line and that possibly she may lie beside him in the trenches.

THE CRAFTSMAN feels it a rare distinction to publish these pictures of Baron de Meyer. Not only do they bring home to us the interest of a country which is at present fighting its way into fame, but they are photographs of such rare beauty and interest that they will go on record among real photographic works of art. Of course, we realize in using these pictures that a great deal of their rare picturesque beauty is due to the imagination and sympathetic appre-

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

ciation of the artist. It is possible we would have passed by the Greek gypsy looking so steadfastly at us, that the Montenegrin boy might not have touched our fantasy to such beauty as Baron de Meyer realized, that the old man with his staff, moving tragically past us might not have reached our sympathy or our sense of art swiftly enough to have pictured him for the joy of the artistic world. And so as we appreciate and understand much more fully the interest of the Balkan country and the lands about it, we are deeply grateful to the artist who has made us see beauty, and added to our interest in the sad people of the high hills.

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

SWEET alyssum, mignonette,
Phlox and lavender,
Baby pansies happy yet
With the thought of her;

White petunias, asters tall,
Hollyhocks a-row
Sunning by the garden wall,
Pinks and morning-glow;

Purple canterbury bells
Stiff with pomp and pride,
Love-lies-bleeding, marigold,
Rose and morning-bride;

Fragrant honey-suckle vines
Flowering where they stand
Tendrils trembling as if still
Swaying from her hand;

Lovingly they look for her,
Wistfully they wait;
But the grass is overgrown
At the garden gate—

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

"THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS:" A STORY: BY MARIE LOUISE VAN SAANEN



HE climbed the stairs, exhausted and sensitive from her day's work in the Hospital. She had done all she could, given all her strength in the service of mending broken men. The Hospital that day was swollen with pain and death. They lay in rows, bulging with odd shaped bandages, ageless, nameless wreckage—some grinning at their hope, others spent and destroyed.

Life oozed from the ward as water from a crevice—drop by drop—in tiny drops of blood, of sweat, of agony. Smearred remnants of a battlefield, they lay and called their mothers.

She had bent over them, soothing haggard revolts and silences. She had moved among them, tall and cool fingered, quiet as sleep. Now she was coming home to Star, the child, to Gregor, her husband. The stairs seemed long and steep, as steep as aspirations. She climbed with swift, free steps.

Gregor was playing, as he did sometimes when waiting for her. He pounded virile chords that crashed through doors and marched beyond the limit of four walls. Thinner than the music sounded Star's woeful treble, as she fretted in the cradle.

Anne's place on the fourth floor, was far removed from turbulent worlds. Perched above the troubled stir of participating masses, it offered a safeguarded atmosphere of home. Gregor saw to that. But Anne was not seeking safety. These people not her own, this chosen land of her home—chosen by her and Gregor in the beginning, as a hyphen between their two countries—had become passionately her own during the red year. She felt her mind, her will, her love, shooting roots beneath the city's pavements. She mingled with the human flood, swayed, palpitated, listened to the national pulse as to a tocsin or muezzin; and offered to the struggle her allegiance.

She touched the lock. Gregor flew to open the door. He stood welcoming her, as a child greets a beautiful play hour. His smile crossed the threshold and drew her toward him. Star stopped wailing and stared at her mother. Her great dark eyes held riddles; her tiny fists were clenched.

Anne was glad to find Gregor waiting. So far, he stood aside from great events and unleashed armies. He brought to her illusions of shelter. But pleasure with him was brittle, easily chipped by her restless fingers, as she handled it and questioned.

They sat opposite one another at the small round table. Two copper candlesticks glistened on either side of a low bowl filled with floating rose heads. Gregor always tended to the flowers.

He asked "How is the boy you were so worried about yesterday?"

"THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS"

"Dead," she answered briefly. "I didn't think you would remember. He died when he said he would—at sunset. I held him in my arms. His eyes were like the eyes of the deer you killed one summer."

"What a pity! But you mustn't let those things affect you too much, dear Delight. I hate to have you know such things."

She said "Why should I, or any other woman be spared? There will not be enough women to hold the boys who die . . . to lay them down and close their eyes. There will not be enough women to meet those who return. The world is in a sad way."

He nodded wisely. "About the same as usual, for those who take it to heart."

She dallied with a glass of wine that seemed too red to drink. "There is one thing that we have gained, and shall never lose again . . . consciousness. We are conscious that men are of different races, that men are killing men . . . each man armed to protect a home or an idea, or because of fear, as some. And we will be more conscious than ever of what we've done, when we begin to count the graves . . . although one might as well count stars."

"These things must be," he concluded.

"Our ward is white and clean as a nursery," she continued.

"O NCE when I visited an orphan's home, I saw such a ward. Only the beds were smaller. These beds are like white shields. There are gay flags on the wall to remind men why they die. Men lie and gibber sometimes at the flags; or else they smile and pray to them . . . as to an ideal. Soon we will have many more beds to fill. I shall be at the head of the ward. They are beginning to know and to love me . . . those who stay long enough. I write to their mothers and sweethearts and give the news. Today a boy said to me 'I have lost an arm. I was a cobbler. Do you think she will marry me now that I am of no more use?' I give them cool things to drink. They are always thirsty. And when they are afraid or go mad, I hold their hand. There is much to do . . . so much that I can never give enough."

She could not look at the roses or the quiet room. Her voice was like a very thin, little, white song, chanting a long story. She stroked the white table cloth, as if it were a crumpled sheet.

Gregor said suddenly, "Anne, I saw someone from the Legation today. Anne, I don't know what may happen. But things do not look well. It may be that we will sign a treaty . . . with the others."

"Sign a treaty with the enemies of this country? . . . And you, then?"

"THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS"

He went on nervously. "If it should happen, we will have to go. I tell you now, so that you will be ready."

"Leave the Hospital—leave my friends, and turn against these people I have chosen! That I will never do," she cried, and stared at him, as at a stranger.

"But you are my wife, Anne. If it comes about, as I fear, you will have to go my way."

"I do not know your country, speak its language or love the people. I do not trust their politics. Sometimes I don't even understand you Gregor. So how can you ask me to become an enemy from one day to another?"

He said "You should not have married me then, Anne. Surely you knew what you were doing. By law, and I should hope by instinct, you must follow me, if the day comes. I should be as sorry as you to leave this country, where we have been happy. It seems monstrous. But something stronger than my sympathy, stirs in my blood and speaks of my fathers and answers their call. You have given me a child. You belong to me, whatever comes."

"I have always felt myself free," she cried. "I chose you as an individual, not as a country, knowing that between us there were races and cults and educations. You would not compel me to follow you, or you would destroy my freedom. Oh, what has come to us all!"

He tried to touch her, but she shrank away. His presence filled the room and suffocated her. He was dark and lithe. The surface of his eyes was slippery. His shoulders swayed. He wore a ring that glistened, as he waved his hands and talked with a guttural slur of accent. Suddenly, he grew calm.

"There is no need to face the situation until it comes. I only wanted to tell you Anne, dear Delight. You are tired. Let us leave it."

She slipped to the door and stood looking back. "Yes, it is better that we should not talk tonight. I am tired. Good night Gregor."

"Anne, won't you kiss me?"

"Yes."

He took her in his arms then, but they could not wall her in, nor shut out the battling universe. His arms seemed mist through which she could slip too easily . . . thin twigs to be quickly snapped. His eyes were not big and deep enough to pasture the ghosts of many men. His words dropped like dried leaves and heaped at her feet.

"Anne, what does all this mean to us? In my country, there are no women like you. You shall be a queen there. The country

"THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS"

is most beautiful. The peasants sing and dance, and will crown you with flowers. Their voices are like songs. The houses are cups of cream in golden fields. The sky is sweetened by the sun . . . and men are very brave."

"I am from the North, Gregor," she said. "Let me go. For the rest, we shall see."

She went softly to her room, where Star lay sleeping in the cradle, her tiny fists clenched.

THINGS trooped through the night and took her with them, as one follows resistlessly a mob. She heard the people crying out against invaders. She saw a multitude with Gregor's face flung murderously against the city of her home. They trampled one another and men's heels stamped down the women. In mottled hate, screaming challenges in different languages, they clawed and tore at garments. Wearing ragged flags, and strips of stained ribbons, they raged in fearful din. Some wore the faces of friends. Most of them were strangers.

She dreamed of the city . . . how the grape-colored river moved heavily beneath old bridges, while along the stone-reared banks couples lingered through the seasons, and old people sold old brown books; how tangled streets flung myriad life beneath historic domes, and quaint patterns of chimneys fringed the sky, and gardens bloomed for lovers and children. She was identified with this city in every mood and season. She loved it in its various relations to her thoughts. She had met Gregor here, explored it, given new meanings, and touched the grayest spots into strange flowerings. It never occurred to her that she was not free to go on living where she willed. She could not realize the power of events, of nationalities, of men, to force her into any exile. Gregor had meant an expression of the city. Now suddenly he had developed into a menace to the right of choice. His imposed authority humiliated her. She was to be submerged then as a citizen, a thinking being, forced into his world, because she had, by law, no other country. Named an enemy with no blood ties clamoring to fight for natal soil! Here was something wrong.

The next day and the next she went her thoughtful way. She did not speak again of these things to her husband. But there came between them the shadow of estrangement. Their wills watched Star, while waiting conflict.

She noticed at the Hospital that they looked at her strangely . . . some with pity, others with distrust. Rumors of a highest bidder acquiring Gregor's country, spread in sullen tides of ill favor.

"THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS"

She felt, as she traveled through the streets, that she was being watched with suspicion, because she was Gregor's wife.

He brought the news to her one evening, when, with lagging steps she returned from service.

He said "I have been called at last, Anne. There is just time to get out of the country. We must go to-morrow."

SHE turned upon him and answered quickly, "Gregor I cannot go. I am not speaking lightly. I cannot follow you because you tell me I must. My place has been here all this time. War is hideous enough. To endure it at all one must believe and give oneself to the people who are dearest. If my own country were attacked, I should be there. For the blood of it flows in my veins, and I would wish to defend its future, not its past. But I have gone deep into the heart of these people. I love them. They are many; you are one. I cannot leave the many for the one. I am made that way."

He took her by the arm and spoke violently. "Is this my wife, the mother of Star, who denies me and the name I gave her?"

She said "When first I learned to talk, I learned my name, Anne. It is the only name I answer to, when my heart is called. I have worn your name, not as a sign that I belonged to you or any other man, but as a token of good will."

"You are talking wildly," he answered. "It has always been understood that when a woman marries, she and the children belong thereafter to the nationality of the father. I am showing great patience. Do not try my patience, Anne. I let you do your duty here when there was no question of duty elsewhere. Now the times have changed."

She looked at him steadily. "Gregor, we are facing changes in the usual codes. When men fight one another consciously for a cause, or lust, women must take their part. You are a stranger. It has come to me in little ways. Our speech is different. . . . Your mind to me is like a lake at twilight where all is not clear and no one can see the bottom, and where thoughts like shadowy fish swim silently, never answering the one who bends over the Lake and questions. When you are sad, you sing folk songs that come from far away. I do not know the longing of *those* hills, *those* fields. When you plan Star's future, you do not think of her as free. . . . You link her to the women of your race who have never been free. Star's own mind and instinct must some day tell her which blood is the stronger . . . yours or mine, or if a fusion is possible."

"In all of this I see one thing. You never loved me. You do not love me now or you would cling to me," he said, and released her arm.

"THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS"

She looked at him with widened eyes. "I wonder if I do love you, or ever did? You make me question even that. There have been times when by a word or glance we seemed to grow apart. A fragrance meant one thing to you, another to me . . . a memory, a cadence, a voice never heard by you and me together. There have been times when I think that if I had known you as a child, I might have always loved you. I have feared for Star. Especially when you speak of your mother and *her* childhood and her mother's childhood in that land I do not know or love."

"If all mothers were like mine," he interrupted harshly. "She was very gentle as to a sick person."

"Yes, I know. Yet she would not understand me. You would let her think of me, excuse me to her as a stranger—'Anne is not accustomed to this or that. We must bear with her'—I have not been brought up like the pretty supple girls you used to play with. And now you ask me to side with their husbands, and their fathers against these friends? No Gregor!"

He laughed harshly. "You'll have no place here either when I am gone. You are stamped with my name whether you will or no. You will be sent out—your papers taken from you. And even your friends will have to pass you by. What can your country do for you?"

"It will receive me if I go back. It will give me freedom to work for my friends here."

"A pretty country that receives a wife who leaves her husband when he is going out to kill or be killed, as I must do. Have you no pity? Would you let me go alone?"

"Are you drawn to them Gregor?"

"There is no choice," he said mournfully.

"You could not come with me?"

"You ask me that! What would they think of me, if I gave up my race when the call came? This is folly. You will follow me dear Delight. And I will not fail you. We are more precious than any wars."

SHE strayed to the window and opened it. "Hear them breathe in the night . . . and stir. One day you and I came to this home, looked out upon the city as upon a garden and were happy. Star was born here. Your people would attack this city if they could. Soon you will be driven out of it, because your country's price of allegiance was too high. And governments do the bargaining. What have I to do with bargains? For another scrap of ground, your army will be hurled against these people. You think I will turn like a weathercock at your bidding? You must obey and go the way of your own. But I can still choose."

"THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS"

Then he pleaded. "Anne for the sake of your home. Must you break that because I ask a sacrifice? In ten years, people will be forgotten. Who knows what uniforms our enemies will wear in ten years? And we will have lost one another."

"I cannot see beyond this battle ground. And battle grounds are destroyed homes whichever way you look," she said.

"But Star . . . what about our child Star?"

"She belongs to herself first. Could you take her with you when you go out? You would have to leave her with some woman. Why not her mother?"

"To teach her hate of me and my people?"

"There is enough hate in the world without teaching more of it to the new born. I shall teach Star to be universal . . . what you and I are not."

"You will bring her up to have no country then, when now you show that race divides even a man and woman who have loved or thought they loved."

"I will let her go the wider way. She will find out where I was wrong, if I am wrong. She shall know your language and mine. She shall sing the songs of both countries. She will be wiser than both of us."

"I won't let you do this. You shall listen to me."

"You cannot force the source of a stream Gregor. You must go the way of your fathers . . . and I must go my way."

"And Star?"

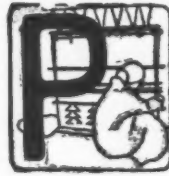
"She will tell us some day."

He clung to her as to a lost joy. "Anne, you cannot mean it."

She said for the last time. "I don't know whether we are parting because of this violence forced upon people of many nations, or because we speak another language and always have and will—or because you are not a great enough person for me to follow you blindly. I don't know if you are a victim or I am a victim. Only there will be one more night, and then we each go our way, with Star as hostage of her own freedom."

So saying very sadly, she watched him crook his arm and shield his eyes and bow before fatality, before she left the room . . . and closed the door.

AN INN FOR THE PEOPLE, AT BEAR MOUNTAIN



ILED up at the foot of Bear Mountain is a rugged heap of boulders and huge chestnut logs that at first sight might be mistaken for a great moraine tossed from the brow of that great mountain when the world was young, by the gigantic force of earth. In reality, that great heap was but very recently built up stone by stone by the great constructive force of man. Men gathered together the scattered rocks and made of them a wonderful caravanserie, a place where people may come up from the city of New York and from all the smaller towns of this region and spend the day among the mountains that stand back, making way for the wide flowing Hudson River as it seeks the sea.

This picturesque inn is the outgrowth of the people's love and need of the outdoors. The city people enjoy sailing up the Hudson on the many convenient steamers, walking about in the mountains around West Point and eating their luncheon, brought from home, from some spot that gives them view of the river. As John Muir says, "Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike." The Palisade Interstate Park has long been a convenient place for people to retreat for a day's outing from the city. The commissioners had built a few rough shelters in that famous playground to which excursionists could retreat in case of unpleasant weather and where they could get that climax of a camp lunch—a cup of hot coffee. Those little cabins proved so inadequate, as the beauty of that region became better known, that a suitable shelter became a necessity. The situation is unparalleled for just such a beautiful and convenient picnic ground for the people. Directly below the inn is the steamer landing and the State highway leads motorists straight to the door. The southern windows of this Inn face the great playground and athletic fields, from the west windows the historic Hessian Lake can be seen and from the east the full expanse of the Hudson River.

Architecturally, this inn is a notable achievement both in design and construction. Every stone used on the face of the building was selected with the greatest of care. Moss covered, lichen-tinted stones were reserved for the choicest, most conspicuous places because their weathered beauty was appreciated and needed to carry out the natural, harmonious spirit of the place. Certain shapely stones were reserved for the arches and flat ones for coping and door sills. The rocks blasted from the foundation were used for the inner walls where strength was needed, but where the sharp angles of the blast could

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not mar the effect of natural weathered rock that was striven for. Special supervision of work was ordered and many an impromptu lesson given the masons on how to lay an artistic instead of a purely mechanical wall. The arches, two feet in thickness, were built upon a form, each stone held in stirrups, then further fixed by the concrete poured around them. The girders and columns are all steel, encased in hollow tile and finished with Colonial plaster.

The roof is of slate in graduated exposures, variegated widths and colors which gives it a pleasant, time stained, lichen-colored tone immensely suitable to the rustic style of the inn. The logs used so effectively are of chestnut, cut and saved from destruction when the blight threatened all New England's chestnut trees. They were logged from the forest that covers the hills immediately about. Those used in the dining room are fourteen inches in diameter, stripped. The heavy ends of all logs were used for outer posts, pillars and great beams and the smaller ends were split and sawed for trim or ornamental braces, so there was no waste. All the wood after put in place was given a coat of creosote and oil to preserve it and give the appearance of age.

The doorway we are illustrating shows the impressive, beautiful and simple result of the unusual care given in the selection of stones and rustic—an effect of naturalness not generally attained when stone and logs are used. The stones have not been marred by man's chisel, but were selected because they had been shaped by nature into beautiful forms and stained with storm and sun and moss as no stain or paint could hope to equal. The use of timber is simple in the extreme making a strong and enduring structure without being heavy and cumbersome. The window-boxes above with the trailing ivy, the great overhang of roof, the simple wrought-iron lanterns, combine in making a most impressive doorway.

ANOTHER object lesson in the combination of stone and logs is given in the detail on the second page. The artistic laying of the stones of the arches can better be realized in this picture. When little pine and cedar trees are planted in the place prepared for them and vines and creepers are climbing up to meet those reaching down from the window-boxes the effect will be pleasing in the extreme. The windows shown in this photograph are removed when summer demands more air, creating of the whole end of the second floor practically one great outdoor room—surely an ideal place to dine, up among the trees looking out at lake or river. One end of this room is devoted to the a la carte dining room, the other to the table d'hôte. The kitchen for these two is on the same floor.

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In this outdoor dining room is an immense fireplace which is shown on the last of the pages that illustrate this article. A similar one is built at the other end of the same floor. This stone fireplace is six feet high and burns logs ten feet in length. The mantel has been split from one large tupelo or black-gum log. Andirons are of hammered iron and make one think that two friendly bears had come dancing out of their black cave when the cheerful warm fire was started. The davenport of split chestnut logs has been made comfortable with soft leather cushions. Fireside chairs of hollowed logs are novel as well as most suitable and comfortable for such a room. The lighting fixtures also are unusual in design. They are of white birch and hand hammered iron. The panelings of the walls and ceiling are of rough chestnut timber. Though the exterior of Bear Mountain Inn is rustic, the interior boasts the most up-to-date equipment for comfort and convenience to guests and facility in the preparation of food and service. The basement, blasted from solid rock, holds the refrigerating plant, cold storage rooms (they must be large because the inn is far from the center of supplies), the power and lighting plant, boiler, bakery, steam laundry, etc.

The first floor is a lunch room with its kitchen, and the office. Because people come in from all directions to this lunch room it has been placed barely above grade. The large lunch counter is curved to obtain the greatest possible space for serving. Here picnickers can come in for their coffee, tea, milk, pie, cake or whatever small thing they like to help out the lunch brought from home or they can sit at the small tables and chairs prepared for them and partake of the simplest, most inexpensive of lunches.

No provision has been made for over-night guests as the idea which has materialized in this inn was to provide people who are able to get out of the city for but a day's pleasure under the trees, with a place to rest in comfort while enjoying the wonderful pictures of the mountain, river and lake spread before them, give them a beautiful place to dine sumptuously, or a convenient place to obtain a small lunch or from which they may help out a little the luncheon brought from home.

This inn is a strong proof that people appreciate refinement and taste in the artistic construction of a building. Much of the pleasure of going to the Palisade Park is in seeing this building, sauntering along its wide verandas, resting on its comfortable chairs while contemplating the beauty of nature that surrounds them. Many people are unable to take long walks in the mountains or those that necessitate a steep climb, though they are eager to be in the midst of such beauty, see the sun on the trees, breathe the stimulating balsamy air



Tucker & Marsh, Architects.

AN INN AT BEAR MOUNTAIN FOR PEOPLE WHO love the country: This most picturesque entrance shows in detail the character of the building material which makes this inn one of the most artistic as well as popular in the country.



Tooker & Marsh, Architects.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INN, showing an exceptional beauty of architecture: The archways on the lower floor of massive stone masonry are architecturally supremely well managed.

A GLIMPSE OF THE DINING PORCH OF THE INN AT BEAR MOUNTAIN: This overlooks the valley and the Hudson.

A DETAIL OF A corner of the inn showing the way in which the dining porch can be closed in with windows, also giving a close view of the lower entrance porch: Here people coming from the city can get a cup of hot coffee, ice cream, etc., to add to the basket lunch brought from home: Provision also has been made for those who wish an elaborate table d'hote dinner or meals a la carte: From each of these vast dining rooms views of lake or river may be had.



THE APPROACH TO the inn, giving an interesting view of the placing of the building against the mountain.



Tooker & Marsh, Architects.



DETAIL
showing the ceiling in the living room of the inn: The lighting fixtures are particularly appropriate to the room and interesting in material and color.

Chestnut logs used in the rough were cut from the surrounding forest and all the exposed parts treated with creosote and oil to preserve the wood and give a slight weathered appearance.

THE FIRE-PLACE in the living room, a fine bit of stone architecture with delightful rustic seats on all sides.



Tooker & Marsh, Architects.

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and see the velvety green tree garment that clothes the mountains. Much of the pleasure the people gain from their precious day in the beautiful mountains about West Point would be lost if this building, constructed for them, had been an ugly unsuitable barracks of a place. Such buildings are truly educational.

No finer opportunity for the display of architectural good judgment could be offered than the building of this inn, and the architects, Messrs. Tooker & Marsh, took advantage of it in the most inspired and inspiring way. It was in their power to construct a building monstrosously out of keeping with its surroundings and purpose, and thus ruin the natural beauty of the place in which it was needed, as has so often been done with country inns. Fortunately for the State and for the people, they have justified the trust placed in them and created a building as staunchly beautiful and impressive as the mountains themselves, one that adds to the pleasure of the people as much as the country in which it stands, that ennobles rather than mars the superb union of mountain, river, trees and lake.

It would have been little short of an actual crime to have placed before people, who look forward for many weeks to the joy of a day's outing in the invigorating and inspiring outdoors, an unsightly building, one that would destroy the harmonious atmosphere of the woodland scene. Instead, they have given us a delightful object lesson in dignified, suitable design and construction that is of itself well worth coming out to see.

A building bearing the impress of the highest order of creative life—the mind of man—as Ruskin says, becomes noble or ignoble in proportion to the amount of energy of the mind that has been visibly employed upon it. Tooker & Marsh have impressed upon this structure of rocks and trees, minds sensitive to the spirit of nature. They have made it seem, as said in the beginning of this article, to be a creation of nature itself, for it is formed of the things already existing in the grove before it took shape. In texture, color and material it is actually an integral part of mountain and forest. It looks as though it belonged there—as indeed it does, by divine right, to give people joy of sight as well as minister to their convenience and comfort.

DENATURED DRUDGERY, A WISE STUDY OF HOUSE WORK: BY ELIZABETH A. WARD



N Anglo-American woman, a journalist by profession, was revisiting her native land. Steeped in the traditions of her adopted country, she found her sensibilities uncomfortably jarred by certain conditions she met with in the home life of her one-time school friends, and the result was an article in a leading magazine exploiting the deplorable conditions among the "educated drudges" of the United States. It is significant of the temper and ideals of our country that the very women whom she visited as well as numerous others of the class she was commiserating denounced the article as unwarranted, un-American and deserving of sound censure from every thoughtful, high-minded American woman.

It is probably a fact that the majority of our educated women in America who marry do not step into homes of affluence; they may marry not only poor men but men of less educational advantages than themselves, and it seemed to be from these premises that the visitor deduced her sweeping conclusions of the resulting dreary waste of household drudgery, unremitting, irredeemable.

In every household, it is true, there is the hard, plain fact of routine work always to be done and never completed, and very frequently only the mistress to do it all. But the fact of glorifying love in it all and of that sacred institution, home, otherwise impossible to so many of our educated women, two vital factors in the problem, are too often left wholly out of the account by those who would criticise or pity.

Nor is mechanical labor the only requirement in conducting a household; for the almost infinite details, endlessly diversified, of a well-regulated household yield only to a competent hand directed by a trained mind. *There is a crying need for more intelligent house-keeping and homemaking*, and it is in recognition of this that Domestic Science departments have been so widely created in various institutions of learning. In the performance of the home's humblest tasks a woman may find not a sordid hampering of her higher aspirations, but scope for applying the training already acquired and opportunity for broadening and deepening it.

One very important purpose of the higher education is to train the mind to apply itself with productive energy to subjects not in themselves attractive to it, and it is a failure only if it has failed to develop latent resourcefulness for any emergencies in life. And yet how often expression is given to the very prevalent idea that, as applied to housekeeping, a college education is almost worse than thrown away. Only a short time ago the following bit of conversa-

DENATURED DRUDGERY



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
"The Seamstress," painted
by Frank W. Benson.

DENATURED DRUDGERY

tion floated to me between jolts from the car seat in front of me: "You know her father was poor but he gave her the very best education he could, even sent her to college. Then she came home and married a man that drank himself to death and now she's got half a dozen children to support, and what good has all her fine education done her!"

Fools and blind of heart! Without her education her life must have been little more than a colorless level. With it, many glimpses of shining heights must have come blessedly as reliefs to the oppressive shadows of the daily round. And the children; have they gained nothing from the richer life of the mother? Let us refrain our lips when we are tempted to say carelessly, "She went through college and then did nothing but get married." It is the noblest sentiment of the age that exalts home-making as a woman's most sacred calling in life. Then let her come to it with the most thorough equipment the times afford, and if circumstances make the so-called drudgery a part of her work, her true womanhood will lend dignity to her performance of it. While she has her health and strength she will unfeignedly rejoice that she may contribute so large a share toward the comfort of her home.

OUR Anglo-American friend comments thus upon the American woman: "There is about her a certain primitiveness, a harking back to Puritan ancestors that makes it difficult for her to learn that even a married woman may, under certain circumstances, have some higher duties than the 'seeing to' her husband's dinner or the suckling of her child." May the day never come when the mothers of our land shall learn of any higher duties than the comfort of the home and the care of their children.

 In many instances the mother prefers to have her young daughters rather than a servant assist in the care of the home, that they may learn the art of good homekeeping under her careful supervision. "Where did you take cooking lessons?" was asked in wonderment by a maid of her accomplished mistress. "I don't think I ever learned; I grew into it at home," the young housewife answered simply. Who can estimate the chapters of domestic woe that would never be written if more mothers allowed their daughters to "grow into" housekeeping naturally!

There can be no question but that in a large majority of cases the American woman has too much work for an ideal home life, and her soul may thirst for deeper draughts of intellectual stimulant than her scant leisure will permit, but whether or not she is a drudge depends upon herself. Drudgery can never be anything but a subjective condition, and to call a happy, contented woman of culture and

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education a drudge is an unwarranted paradox. To even a keen-minded college woman the most ordinary kitchen duties may be a blessing if done with whole hearted zest because they are done for her home.

In many instances the young married woman must choose between the luxury of books, pictures and travel and the luxury of a servant, and the chances are, other things being equal, that she will choose the former. This may be largely due to the servant question as it is now before us, high wages and poor service in the greater number of cases, and sometimes no service available at any price. Perhaps when careful, conscientious manual labor is accorded the dignity it should receive, by example as well as precept, the present difficulties in the problem will assume mere vague outlines preparatory to vanishing, and none can better set an example of this high-mindedness than our educated women.

It chanced that I was discussing this question with an elderly friend who had been obliged on account of ill health in her family to leave the dear New England home with its comforts and luxuries and go to far California, where a more primitive life made efficient domestic service quite impossible. "I think I must breathe a confession to you," she said. "I can see now how foolish I was, but at the time I rebelled inwardly very often at having to use my time and strength in work which the rawest Irish maid might have done as well. I have learned to look at it differently since, and to realize the value of experience in housework."

Shortly after this conversation I was visiting a college friend who was cozily keeping house in a city flat, having one small son to fill up much of her time aside from housework. To her I broached the subject of homemaking versus drudgery. "Well, there's a lot of truth in it," she said with a laugh that belied her words, "but I find that if a woman really thirsts to keep up her reading and music she can find time for a lot of it."

Another college friend went to live in the far West after her marriage. She wrote that she was not very homesick because her various duties kept her mind healthfully occupied to the exclusion of more dangerous subjects. "I've been reading a good deal, too," she added, "for there isn't so very much work keeping house for just Robert and me." A servant would obviously have been so much extra lumber in the home, and if she had postponed her marriage until her husband had become firmly established in his profession and was able to take her into a spacious home with its retinue of servants and its troop of social obligations, who can estimate the loss in companionship during those years of waiting?

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THE wife of the country minister, especially in the West, has become proverbial for her deft versatility in meeting the many demands made upon her, but the appellation "drudge" surely does not belong to her. I have in mind now a college woman who, after several years of graduate study, became the wife of a clergyman, whose first charge was a small village parish. It was her particular pride to do her own housework and to do it carefully, and yet to so plan it that there should be time for her modest but numerous social duties and leisure for reading and conversation, to keep the rust out of her brain, as she put it. She was too wise to worry over a fleck of dust on the piano when other more important duties had taken her time, and I think this is the usual attitude of the sensible college woman toward excessive concern in minor details. Otherwise her college education has failed to give her the proper perspective and balance between essentials and non-essentials.

The burdens and pleasures of these homes fall upon husband and wife alike for each is purposed to be a helpmate to the other as they face life together. A man with his own way to make, unaided by inherited property, must count upon years of work and waiting even after his necessarily long preparation has been completed before he can fully equip a home. But if he asks a woman to share his modest income, and if she, with her eyes open, willingly and even gladly goes with him and with her own hands does the work of the home, and if, after years of toil, she still grows radiant when talking of it, why should she be thought of as a strangely undegenerate but forlorn example of an educated American woman? Manual labor scorned because it is manual labor is an artificial standard unworthy of an American.

If America's educated women choose to be happy in their simple cultured life, free from cumbersome Old World conventions and traditions, who shall pity them? Who shall force upon them the unwarranted title of drudge?



THE CRAFT WORK OF PEASANTS IN WAR COUNTRIES



WHEN we speak of the craft work of Austria, we are really meaning the work of all the peasants who are in any way under the dominion of Austria, those in Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Salzburg, the Tyrol, and the Slav lands, Bohemia, Moravia, farther east in Herzegovina, Galicia and Bukovina; then south of the Tyrol, Kustenland and Trieste. It is easy for us to understand the great variation in the art work of these people when we realize the immense variety of country in which the people live, work, and receive their education and religious instruction. To the west are the Alps, then the Viennese forests, and east the Carpathians. Bohemia has the wooded land, and south at Herzegovina are the naked Karst rocks. Dalmatia is a long, low sea-front, and the plains of Moravia must not be omitted. To complete the picture we must remember the high mountain pastures where the lonely shepherd tending his flock gives himself interest and cheer in fashioning objects of art out of bone or wood.

Many influences have come to these peasant craft workers from Byzantine on the East and from the Catholic world on the West. It is extraordinary what a love of beauty has persisted in the lives of these very hard-working people, not only in their decorations, in their jewelry, but in their clothes, in the building and ornamenting of their houses, in the decoration of useful articles of furniture and kitchen utensils, even in the decoration of their fences and doorways. Wood carving, mural painting, fine metal work, excellent cabinet work, architecture at once durable and picturesque; all of these signs of the highest, most valuable culture are to be found wherever one reaches far enough into the interior, close enough to the old peasant life to get at the existence of the craftsman untouched by civilization or modern ideas of art work.

Naturally every country has its own traditions and manner of building and of cabinet work. In the Tyrol the old houses and farms have characteristic forms and methods of construction; in the Alpine lands houses are built differently from the Carpathians or from Bohemia or Moravia. In Salzburg in Upper Austria, the buildings show the decoration of the eaves, of gables, of façades, the latter being adorned with fresco paintings or chip-carving. In Egerland the houses remind us somewhat of the old English cottages, for they are half-timbered or whitewashed and held together with black timber. Among the Slovaks and Hannaks the houses are whitewashed and ornamented with frescoes of national designs and colors. Here the work is usually done by the women, and, as is the case in certain parts

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of Holland, every spring the exterior and the interior of each house is re-decorated. In Zakopane the houses are built entirely of wood, with thatched overhanging roofs and each peasant builds his own house and adorns it with his own pierced-wood carving—an ideal of home making which we have sought in vain in this country, and which we realize would lift architecture to a much higher plane than we have yet achieved.

The Austrian peasant builds his house with a view to using it for the most practical purposes. The best room, the *stube*, is always the most elaborate. In Tyrol, Vorarlberg and Styria the roof is timbered and the walls of the rooms are paneled. The heavy wood-work is ornamented with chip-carving. The peasant furniture in this part of the world is extremely interesting. It is nearly always painted in some dull tone and then ornamented with traditional designs, with flowers or with architectural forms. A tremendous amount of thought and interest is given to the bed which is to be placed in the company room, beautiful bed linen is embroidered for it and each article of furniture is gay with flower decoration.

In Tyrol and in the German Bohemia, the plates and the tankards used are of pewter, but mostly the peasants employ the earthenware painted in national colors and brilliantly decorated. Everywhere among these peasants, the most beautiful embroideries are to be found, not only for dressers and for curtains but for sheets and pillow-cases. Anything more gorgeous, more intricate, more beautiful in craftsmanship than the head-shawls, head-scarves, and caps worn by the Slovak, Hannak and Moravian women, it would be hard to conjure. One finds their drawn-work as beautiful as the finest examples from Mexico, pillow lace that would do for museum pieces and embroidery vying with the most elegant of the French workers.

The caps worn by the married women show great beauty of design and execution. In olden days it was the pious duty of the mother to fashion and work her daughter's bridal cap, which, after the great day, was carefully laid aside till the day of death, when it was again placed on the head of the departed one. Such caps are even now sacred to their owners, as a touching incident will serve to show. An old Slovak woman, bent with age, was offered, what was to her, a large sum of money for her cap, which was of more than usual beauty. The money would have provided her with many comforts, but she refused it, saying, in reverential tones, "How will my mother know me? I cannot do it." It was the token by which her mother would recognize her in that "far-off land."

The blouse is an important article of dress among all these peasant people both men and women. It is interesting to trace how, from the

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for
This
Article
Are All
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through
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AN ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE AT KOROSFO IN HUNGARY: IT is a pity that the reproduction cannot show the wonderful colors in the costumes of these three girls with their white blouses and full sleeves, their black aprons and scarlet petticoats and kerchiefs all embroidered and decorated by their own hands: The construction of the gateway and house beyond is of especial interest architecturally and very typical of the Transylvania architecture.



A PEASANT GIRL OF MORAVIA in her bridal dress, white blouse with velvet bodice, elaborate metal head-dress with embroidered streamers, also a richly embroidered belt undoubtedly the work of her own hands.

A PAINTED BOX, an interesting example of decoration, the work of the peasants of Lower Austria.



A CARVED and painted tub at least one hundred years old, taken from a peasant house in Upper Austria: It was undoubtedly the work of some member of the family.



MOST INTERESTING HOUSE AT MAKÓ, HUNGARY: THE BALUSTRADE ABOUT the balcony on the house at the right is ornamented in elaborate colors, violet and blue and yellow: The blinds are also violet and rose and the effect of this color against the old stucco and the timber mellowed by time is of rare beauty.

A CARVED AND PAINTED cabinet from Bohemia made about the latter part of the eighteenth century: This is undoubtedly the handiwork of a master craftsman among the peasant folk, a man with rich fantasy and great delight in decorated surfaces: Evidently a nature lover and religious if we may count the tiny little figure on the upper panel as a Madonna: The construction of the cabinet is essentially interesting in proportion, sturdy and yet in no way lacking elegance.

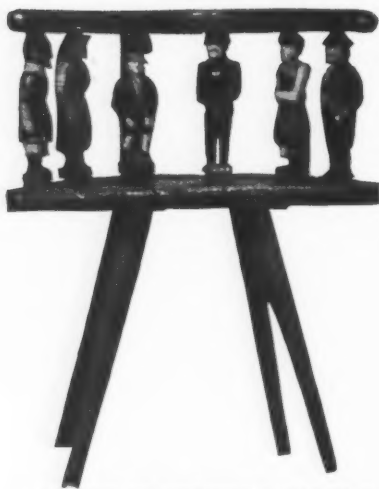


A PAINTED CUPBOARD OF Upper Austria: An example of carved and painted furniture from the hands of Austrian peasants of most unusual beauty both in construction and in design: These cupboards were made originally for the homes in which they are found, for the members of the family who are at present using them: They were among the wedding presents that the Austrian peasant girl greatly desired and cherished and passed on to her children as an heirloom.



A CARVED AND PAINTED SPOON rack from Styria: The intricate design and clever workmanship of this article of household utility renders it one of the most unusual illustrations in this article: The symbolic birds which are perched on the very top to oversee the domestic felicity, the painting of scenes from the family life and finally the cross and the I. H. S. in the heart below all render it a rare piece of peasant craft.

A CARVED AND PAINTED marriage coffer, also peasant work from Upper Austria: The architectural design on the surface of the cover is unusually interesting and compact and the beautiful color which is added in the circles makes an article of cabinet work of rare distinction.



ABOVE IS SHOWN A CARVED and painted chair made by the peasants of Bohemia at Egerland: It is unique even among the types of furniture construction to be seen where each man designs what he likes, what interests his fancy and what is pleasing to himself and his family: One wonders if the little figures are family portraits.



THE CARVED chair at the left is a most interesting design from the hands of a Tyrolese peasant: The panels at the back carry painted decorations in the center as does the lower one at the front.

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simple strip of embroidery on the upper part of the sleeve, the whole garment, in some instances, has developed into a mass of gorgeous embroidery. Some of the work is too intricate and elaborate to describe, and the designs often suggest an origin Byzantine or Egyptian. The collars on the blouses of these people are particularly beautiful and in Moravia the young girls wear on their blouses a kind of sailor collar, intricately embroidered in black and colored silks.

It is indeed a tragedy to the beauty loving of the world that the use of the national dress is dying out among so many of these peasant people, although if one goes far enough inland, in Tyrol, Styria, Galicia, Bohemia and Istria beautiful native costumes and primitive social customs are still to be found. Some of the most lovely jewelry is worn by the Ruthenians—elaborate head pieces and chains of silver and gold—while in Cortina metals are made in delicate filigree patterns much more beautiful than that seen in Salzburg or in the Tyrol. The *stecher*, which serves to keep the heavy braids of hair in place, is still worn by the maids of Tyrol.

The painting of the houses still prevails, especially in Lower Austria, and in this vicinity also the most brilliantly painted and carved furniture is to be found. Here, too, one occasionally sees those lovely caps of gold thread which were once the pride of every woman who possessed them. There was a time when the peasant women of Tyrol reveled in fine embroidered linens and laces for the decoration of their homes and themselves, but today the finest pieces are to be found in the churches and museums, and the peasant women seem to prefer cross-stitched embroidery, worked in red, on homespun linen. The peasant men of Wallachia and Silesia are very much given to the wearing of ornaments. They are also expert craftsmen excelling in chip-carving; and the proper gift for a lover of this region to make his sweetheart is an object which he himself has carved, either a milking stool, a salt box, a knife handle or spoon.

There seems to have been no end to the delightful variation of the work of the Moravian peasants. They not only use conventional designs, but flowers and garlands and leaves for their embroideries and their laces. Their insertion embroideries and colored silks in which conventionalized peacocks occur as motives, are especially beautiful. Then, very lovely embroidered ornamentations are to be found in the hoods of the Moravian women, the ground of which is completely covered with silk embroidery work in a flat stitch. In addition there is the bridal kerchief and the head-shawl in white silk. The colors which predominate in the Moravian embroideries are black and white, red and yellow, with occasionally an outline of gold and silver. And beautiful edgings are also made by these

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picturesque people, for collars, for shoulder-caps, for shoulder-ends.

The most interesting bead work among the Austrian peasants is to be found in the homes of the Huzulians. These are executed with a sewing needle and a thread and in technique closely resemble the work of the ancient Egyptians. In embroideries also a high degree of excellence prevails, particularly in the work on the shirts, the head-scarves and the wedding kerchiefs of the women and these latter, are hung in the white-room around the holy pictures.

In Dalmatia and Bosnia one finds bags, carpets, satchels, aprons, all richly ornamented from purely geometrical patterns—objects which were handed down from father to son in days gone by. Present-day craftsmen in this vicinity also find frequent stimulus to their activity in the social and religious life of the community, the requirements of which afford occupation for the cleverest carvers of the village. In Salzburg and in the Tyrol, wooden masks are made for the secular and sacred plays, staves are made for herdsmen and couriers and an infinite number of manger figures for the tableaux at Christmas time. Then, there are the wayside shrines and domestic altars, and there is a constant demand for crosses for house and stable, and for the doves of peace. From the hands of village craftsmen, too, come certain memorials called the "Marterln" pictures painted as memorials of the dead, especially those who have lost their life in Alpine accidents. Also, there are votive pictures and boards on which the dead are placed before being put in the coffin.

In the Carpathian districts and Dalmatia color is added to the woodwork. A process of wood decoration, which is of very great antiquity, going back to prehistoric times, is pyrography or poker painting. This is found in everyday articles among the herdsmen and on the woodwork of the Goralians and of the Carpathians.

Many of these people have made interesting articles of pottery for centuries, especially articles necessary for their own use—jugs, pots and onion-dishes. The majolica ware of the peasants is especially ornate and luxurious both in the Alpine and Bohemian districts. In Istria every peasant woman takes a pride in having as large a number as possible of gaily decorated plates. Among most of these people there is what is called a "bespoke" ware, that is, special articles of pottery ordered from a famous potter for celebration occasions, for birthdays, for civic meetings, for drinking festivals, for hunting events, etc. Although in the eighteenth century it was the custom pretty well throughout the world to look down on this peasant work, so foolish and unenlightened a point of view has quite gone out, and today the peasant and his work are taken seriously and his art is considered from a scientific and artistic point of view.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL AS A SOURCE OF EDUCATION IN AMERICA: BY DR. ERNST KUNWALD, CONDUCTOR OF THE CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



I BELIEVE that the way for America to become a musical nation is for all the people, young and old, rich and poor, *to wish to play good music*. When you play music yourself, serious music, Chamber music, you at once become a better listener, because the best music, the music that has been taken from the rich storehouse of the genius of the world *must be understood*, it must be studied, and the way to study a thing is along the line of perfecting yourself in it. The more you study music, the more cultivated your mind becomes, and the more you play classical music, the more you realize all its variations, its difficulties, its power, the inspiration which gave birth to it and the joy which its production must forever give the world. The reason that I believe in symphonic institutions is that I am confident that people who attend the symphony orchestra regularly, who grow to love it, who follow the music with intelligence as well as emotion, will eventually desire to play the music, and once we have audiences for our concerts, who are musicians themselves, we will begin to create great music in America.

"So that the lack in America is not so much what you call culture, for I find very many sincere music lovers in this country, people who are willing to make heavy sacrifices to bring beautiful music to their friends and fellow-countrymen, people who care more to hear music than for any other artistic pleasure; but I do find a serious musical lack, namely, that the great majority of people in the audience have not the desire to play themselves.

"I believe that through the musical festivals, such as we have had in Cincinnati for a great many years, we will not only widen the interest in music, but we will help to create the desire to produce and to execute music, because the people who come together in these festivals are people who have worked hard for the privilege of singing and playing in them. A two years' training is necessary for any chorus before it is permitted to appear in the Cincinnati May Festival. And I am convinced that two years' training with rich and beautiful music, in the atmosphere of people who love music, is going to bring about inevitably in most of the workers the desire to become actual musicians, not merely music listeners or music performers. You see, these festivals are not made up of what is usually called the trained musician—they include children from the schools, people from all over the city, with, of course, some famous singers for the leading parts,

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the Cincinnati Orchestra to bear the burden of the accompanying work.

"It has been the custom in a good many Western cities to hold what we called spring festivals—a series of concerts by a local chorus doing a certain amount of good work with one or two famous singers and an orchestra from some other city. A limited number of rehearsals are held and an oratorio is given, a symphony concert and probably a popular concert. This is a good thing for the cities, for the people, for musical progress, but it is not enough. I hope I do not prove myself too much of a local patriot when I say that the Cincinnati festivals have for many years been established on a more artistic and practical basis. We can boast a chorus for our city which is composed of the same people who have been members of it for twenty or thirty years, and for a long time this chorus has devoted two years for the preparation of works to be given in five days. There can be no question that these festivals are of the greatest value in developing musical taste, in helping the people to become musicians, in enlarging the culture of the whole community, and incidentally, too, in helping the city as a business center. Our May festivals are the greatest oratorio celebrations of the Middle West, and I do not believe that they can be overestimated if you want here in America to become a great musical nation as you have become a great commercial nation—a nation of business geniuses.

"I find the interest in music in the Cincinnati Public Schools is growing daily. I am one of the advisory committee in public schools on musical matters. I see the school people and the schoolchildren are very much interested in having me superintend their orchestra work, and pupils from these classes come to our afternoon concerts regularly. For the social community also I feel that such musical work as we are doing here is important. It must of necessity heighten the standard of culture. If people want good music and have it, and grow to understand it, love it and play it, they will inevitably feel the urge for finer art and painting and sculpture. They will want more intelligent dramatic presentations, they will want the truer and better home architecture. In other words, is not all art impulse one and the same desire for beauty, only flowing out through different channels; so that if it is cultivated along one line it is bound to seek the various outlets that are essential to it?

"And artistically, too, I believe that for a city to be a musical center must be a valuable and significant thing for the civic growth and improvement. To begin with, it must bring together people who love music, who have artistic standards, and in bringing together such a community an audience is furnished not only for good music, but for art and literature.



*The Photographs Which Illustrate
Dr. Kunwald's Article Are Used by
Courtesy of the Musical Courier.*

DR. KUNWALD: Conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, who has done more than any other musician to create and organize music festivals in America.

A SINGER PROMINENTLY identified with the musical life of Chicago and the Middle West is Marion Green, basso: He is also well and favorably known in other parts of the United States, particularly in the East where he has appeared with great success: Mr. Green has toured with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Emil Oberhoffer, conductor, and other organizations of the first rank, and everywhere his excellent work has won for him the most sincere admiration.



A BASSO - CANTANTE of unusual popularity is U. S. Kerr, the gifted American, shown at the left: Mr. Kerr, who is a familiar figure on the American concert stage, possesses a voice that is rich and smooth and remarkably flexible: His interpretations bear the marks of serious study and sincerity of purpose.

ETHELYNDE SMITH, SOPRANO, shown at the right, is a great favorite in Portland, Me., her home city: All New England is proud to claim her as their soprano: Miss Smith studied with the Boston vocal teacher, Clara Tippet.

She has made successful tours in the Middle West as well as many concert appearances every season in the Eastern States: This past summer she sang in the open at the San Diego Exposition, accompanied by Dr. H. J. Stewart on the great Spreckels organ: Her singing has aroused widespread enthusiasm.



ONE OF AMERICA'S leading contraltos is Florence Mulford: She is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but finds time to appear in many concerts and recitals: Mme. Mulford created the contralto role in "Morven and the Grail" (Horatio Parker's new work), which was given its first public performance in Boston, April Thirteenth, Nineteen Fifteen: Her interpretation of Debussy music, in which she specializes, has aroused the wide interest of music lovers.

AS A MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, Henriette Wakefield is identified with such operas as "Martha," "Trovatore," "Lohengrin," "Manon," "Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," "Rheingold": In addition to her work in opera, Miss Wakefield devotes much time to concert work.

She is a favorite with large musical bodies, such as the National Saengerfest at Milwaukee, the United German Singing Societies of Ohio, the Newark (N. J.) Arion Saengerfest, the Connecticut State Saengerfest, the Milwaukee Music Verein, the New York Symphony Orchestra, etc., where her splendid contralto voice and charming personality have won for her great popularity.



ARTHUR ALEXANDER, tenor of Paris, London and New York and well known along the Pacific Coast, where he lived for a while, is at present located in New York: Mr. Alexander, who studied in various European cities, also with Jean de Reszke in Paris, is a thorough musician and composer of ability.

Mr. Alexander's special branch of music is that of singing to his own accompaniment, an art which he has brought to a very high grade of perfection.

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"A great factor in our musical life is our *symphony orchestra*, about which, as it is connected with me personally, I rather like not to say too much, but asked about the tastes and likings of the public of our symphony concerts I have to say that there are no very great differences, so far as *modern music* is concerned, between American and European audiences. In European audiences where there is something which the people are not accustomed to, they do not like it in the beginning, they have to become accustomed to it. It is not that America is so far behind in her appreciation,—the same condition obtains everywhere. A popular novelty has an immediate hearing and an immediate response, but with the serious music which is new I find everywhere that training is necessary to bring about a genuine appreciation. Where it is impossible to give a complicated modern novelty twice in a season or two consecutive seasons, because of the restricted number of concerts, as for instance in Cincinnati, I recommend very highly the institution of lectures, such as I have accustomed myself to give before the performance of a difficult work. For instance, the last time I gave a Bruckner symphony the people were not very enthusiastic, but before performing a Bruckner symphony again I gave a lecture to my public, in which I told them many things about this work, and played parts from the score, and I am confident that at the next concert which I am to give, the Bruckner symphony will be understood with a great deal of interest and pleasure.

"So much for the symphony concerts. For the *popular concerts*, of course, quite a different policy must be followed. It is very natural that the majority of the people in a country which has not specialized in music should prefer popular to severe classic music, but I find that it is possible to accustom audiences to the higher type of music. This is just what I am aiming to do in our popular concerts in Cincinnati. I am bringing before the people music they know, then I am bringing modern serious music with colorful orchestration, and in the same program I am adding the purely classic.

"The greatest difference between American and European audiences is not in the degree of liking and understanding modern music novelties or popular music,—it consists in their different attitudes toward the *classics*,—pure classics, especially *Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven*,—here the principle proclaimed by me in the beginning must be remembered. The greater the number of persons in an audience who *themselves play*, Chamber music or four-handed piano arrangements, etc., the more genuine the appreciation of the classics. The reason for this is obvious. The modern concert goer is accustomed to the richer sound of the usual popular and modern symphony works. The beauty of music in a modern orchestra is like a beautiful

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person wonderfully and elaborately dressed; what reaches you first is not the human beauty but the elaborate costume. I feel that to become real music lovers in America we must understand the beautiful body of music, as well as to enjoy the rich orchestration. It is just as if you wanted to be a true student of human beauty and only looked at people who were very much dressed up. The artist who paints the human being most beautifully is a student of the nude.

"The beauty of our great classics, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, is just in music what the simple human body is in comparison with wonderful dressing, but to understand this heavenly *inward* harmony and richness you must study the nude in music as in art, and this means careful, untiring, *personal* work.

"The composers I have found most popular with Cincinnati audiences,—Beethoven, Wagner and Tschaikowsky,—are here, as everywhere, the most beloved. For reasons above mentioned, there is in American audiences to be found a certain beginning of weakening interest in Beethoven in comparison with Wagner and Tschaikowsky. These three musicians are all deeply passionate and great in conception, but Beethoven's symphonies are somewhat lacking in the gorgeous modern orchestral color which makes the works of the other two so strongly appealing.

"It is my firm belief, however, and a belief which has often been endorsed in Cincinnati by facts, that with frequent performances of Beethoven, given due care and genuine enthusiasm, the torch of admiration will never be extinguished. If Beethoven is presented often enough the eyes and ears of every generation, every nationality, will be open to the real greatness of this master of all masters, whose works, even if less brilliant in color, are the most imposing structures which the art of symphony has brought forward up to the present day.

"I could resume the policy of the modern conductor as I see it, in the resolution to try to give every school, from Bach to Strauss and Debussy, the best prepared and most enthusiastic readings possible, and at the same time see the holiest duty in putting the great classics, and especially Beethoven, before the public in their immortal beauty and greatness.

"Just as soon as people love music in this way there will never again be the question of whether or no an orchestra can be self-supporting, because of course it will be possible for an orchestra to be self-supporting with all the people wanting it, loving what it can give them and needing it in their artistic life.

"But as it stands today the only truly self-supporting orchestra I know is in Europe—the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin, which I had the honor of leading for five years. Even this orchestra in

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Berlin was very much helped at times and was decidedly elated to receive a subsidy of sixty thousand marks a year from the municipality. I do not think as matters are in America that even in the next thirty years we shall have self-supporting orchestras; for in America the expense of supporting an orchestra is greater, and as yet the response from the people is not so large.

"In addition to what can be accomplished through our musical festivals, through our work in the symphony orchestra, I am very much interested in the possibility of having opera here in Cincinnati. I believe that many of our large cities should have their own opera just as is the case throughout Germany.

"I have no idea of establishing a duplicate orchestra, which I believe was recently mentioned in the *Musical Courier* in New York, because I think we have work enough to care for the one orchestra in which we are interested, and I do not think at present it could be duplicated with benefit to the city. My idea is to use the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra not only for concerts, but for the opera as well. Of course, it would not be possible to have opera on the scale of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, nor to bring here many expensive stars. What we want opera for in this city is something more important than either of these matters. We want it in order to produce through it the great talent in our music schools, we want to use home talent for the production of a beautiful opera. I believe that this should be done in Cincinnati, that it should be done in every city that has a symphony orchestra. I believe eventually we should have very good performances, not only in French, Italian and German, but in English, which so many of the American people crave. It seems to me that to use operas in our large cities for the opportunity of producing local talent of a high order would be one of the ways of enlarging America's interest in music, in enlarging her devotion to it and her capacity for creating it."



THE ETHICS OF HOME FURNISHING: BY GUSTAV STICKLEY



HOEVER has toiled for a long, hot, dull, wearisome way through barren, uninteresting country and come at last to a shadowy, quiet, little grove where flowers bloomed and a cool spring gleamed, found that his whole being responded to its beauty, his tense nerves relaxed, his mind was refreshed and his heart free.

Some such exultation of spirit comes to a man who enters a simply, unpretentiously furnished home after a hard, fatiguing day of work. The grove is restful because it is never pretentious; it is beautiful but is not, as one might say, conscious of the fact. This same simple spirit of unpretentious beauty should be a characteristic of every home. Pretentiousness is the opposite of truth, so never accomplishes anything; a pretender is always held in contempt and never arrives anywhere. Simplicity, as Wagner in his "Simple Life" so eloquently and convincingly points out, is never relegated to any one phase of life. A laborer's life may be the most complex and complicated of existences while a rich man's may be free from intricacy, affectations and artificiality. Simplicity consists in being one's self with no attempt to deceive. A beautiful room should be no more pretentious than a beautiful flower. It can be humble like the violet, sumptuous like the rose, elegant and stately like the lily, gracious like a spreading oak tree, but in every case it must be itself, honest and with no dissembling.

There is something that borders on immorality in imitation period furniture. It is dishonest, for it assumes to be something that it is not and should be as scorned as counterfeit gold. Faithful copies are an entirely different matter and are not to be ranked with the loose, untruthful shams, so commonly offered for sale. If furniture is sold under period names it should be the best possible representative piece. A chair that is sold as Gothic or Jacobean or Chippendale should be a truthful reproduction of a characteristic example of the work of those times. Many of our homes seem naturally to require Colonial furniture. Some need ornate French, others the rich Spanish, and when supplied with honest, not fraudulent, copies of those periods are charming and without affectation, because they truly represent a period or the desire of the owner of the house.

In this series of articles on home furnishing we are endeavoring to point out, by presenting the matter in several different ways, the beauty of unpretentiousness. There is no reason why we should make our rooms like committee rooms or give them the cold and awe-inspiring atmosphere of the class rooms or lecture hall by having chairs all alike and tables made after a similar model. What is the

AN EIGHT SIDED OAK TABLE
with its rich interesting beauty, appropriate for drawing room, library or sitting room: Leather covered oak chairs sturdy in construction yet graceful in design, also appropriate for various rooms.



*Designed
and
Executed
by
Gustav
Stickley.*

A COUCH
which can be
used as a day-
bed: The back
fitted with
cane panels:
The frame-
work of oak
with curved
arms and top
rail which
gives softness
and grace.

The use of
the console at
the head of
this couch is
novel, conven-
ient and decor-
ative: It will
hold the books
ready for read-
ing, a vase of
flowers and a
small lamp
and helps form
an interesting
group in the
room.



A DAVENPORT at once cozy and luxurious: The beautiful turning of the stretcher gives it a most distinguished appearance: The little table at the end is also of oak, well turned and constructed with rare precision: This little table is appropriate by a window, at the head of the davenport or at the side of a bed.



THIS MODERN REFECTORY TABLE SHOWS A delightful innovation of design in the placing of the legs: The breaking of the stretcher rail by extra legs is a part of an unusual but well thought out construction: The chair at the side of this table is made to harmonize with the davenport above.

BOOK CASES WITH GLASS DOORS THAT PROTECT the books, while permitting the rich variety of their bindings to show and add their pleasant color to a room, do more perhaps than any other one article of furniture, unless it be a piano, to bring about a comfortable home atmosphere.

This one of dark, warm-toned oak, substantial but not heavy looking, with the graceful Gothic treatment of doors and simple decorative carvings,

with the arm chair beside it with its beautiful carved stretcher upholstered in richly covered tapestry, and a bright jar of gay berries or flowers upon it, forms an inviting and dignified group for library, study or hall.



THE DAY-BED has come to be almost an indispensable article of household furniture: The one at the right is quaint and charming, light and ornamental, but strong and enduring.

The hand turned posts give it an old-time air which is distinctly interesting.



WRITING
tables provided
with a drawer in
which envelopes
and paper can be
hidden from sight
are preferred by
some people to the
usual writing desk.

Such a table fitted
with squares of
Chinese brocade, a
red lacquered torii
penholder and tall
mahogany bud vase
is a new form that
will find a welcome
because of its
adaptable qualities:
The little stool also
is a novelty.

In these three
pieces, recent crea-
tions of the Crafts-
man shop, three
distinct forms of
hand turning may
be seen.



THIS LONG
library table is
unusual in the
design of the
eight legs and
stretcher rails:
This design
gives an inter-
esting variety of
paneling: The
chair at the left
is beautiful in its
simplicity and
use of the
square frame
and the arch of
the back.

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advantage in this mechanical, dull furnishing of a room? Why should we carelessly and foolishly purchase things without consideration of their related beauty one to another and their use to us? Chairs all alike, arranged in a row, can never make a room pleasant and homelike. How much better that each piece should have been designed separately instead of as part of a group. We buy furniture in sets, simply because we drift into such purchasing carelessly without exercising love, understanding or imagination. After we have lived with them for a short while, we often come to hate them. We should give more study to the matter of furnishing our homes, buying a few things at a time, as we find articles that we like, and thus gradually build up our home as we would build up our education. If we buy too quickly and without thought, we not only overcrowd our homes, but give them the appearance of display rooms instead of homes.

How charming the atmosphere of a room simply furnished with chairs of different shapes and uneven heights, and not too many of them so that they seem in the way, with tables of different shapes, a useful, substantial one to put books and a lamp upon, and a gracefully curved console against the wall, with comfortable looking day-bed, and plenty of luxurious downy pillows upon it, with a carved chest, perhaps a few pictures of all sorts and sizes and shapes selected because they were wanted, soft light coming from silk shades. Certain pieces of furniture of widely different types are companionable as are some people of diametrically different characters. Why not have our rooms filled with furniture of different types as we enjoy having friends of different interests? There is some underlying bond that draws certain pieces of furniture, like certain people, together, that makes them seem congenial, that acts as a foil to each others' best qualities.

A distinguished man of culture and refinement accustomed to the most luxurious living found that he did not feel strange when talking with the chief of a wandering tribe of Bedouins because they had a mutual bond of sympathy in the love, interest and appreciation of a good horse; they became the best of friends, enjoyed one another's company and gained much through association.

If we can have but only one living room, why should we have only one type of thought in it, such as is represented by a set of furniture? We do not have but one kind of book in our library or one kind of picture upon the wall; we do not choose but one kind of friend. Variety of form and type, of color and of size, makes far greater grace, informality and sense of comfort. There is always an unconscious feeling that in the mind of the host or hostess there is but one strict,

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*Entire Room
Designed by
Gustav Stickley.*

This room though modern has the quality of beautiful old homes because of the harmonious variety of furniture and background of rich oak paneling.

rigid standard of philosophy and thought that would discountenance all others as impossible and beneath their interest. We all like rooms that put us at ease, so that the best that is in us of kindness, wisdom or wit is realized.

We are showing a few more pieces of furniture that carry the atmosphere of individuality and originality, yet are genially and accommodatingly adaptable to the character of other pieces. Take the eight-sided table in the first illustration. It would act in a harmonizing way in a room of almost any type, for it is alike enough with its graceful carving, spindles and base to harmonize with some articles, and different enough with its octagonal top to add variety. It brings a quality of difference to its companion tables and chairs. The chairs by its side are of the good-natured kind, that can be moved from the dining room to the hall or to the library without losing their dignity, as it were, and so looking ill at ease, out of place, and thoroughly uncomfortable and disgruntled about it. They would be

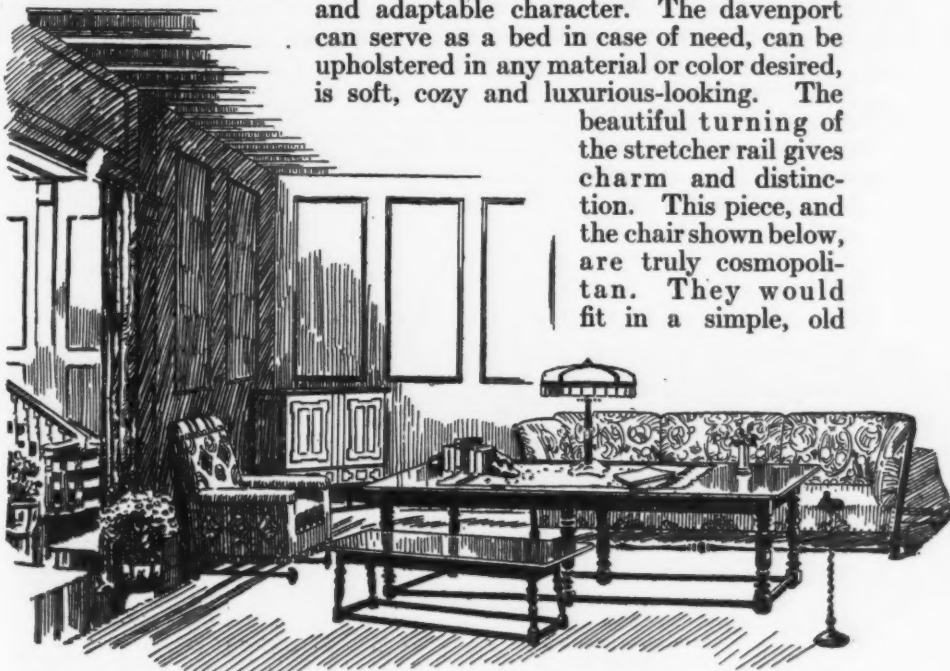
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lovely and gracious anywhere they were placed, because that is their nature and no surprising change of environment would alter it. They fit in happily with the table, yet would be on equally friendly terms with the davenport and the little table shown in the photograph below. The hand turning is different in each of the pieces; each has its own intimate character, yet neither quarrels with the others. The davenport can be used as a day-bed, for it is both wide enough and long enough, and can be covered with many kinds of materials. The cane panels in the back and the curve of the arm and top rail give softness and grace.

All these articles, the most recent creations of the Craftsman shops, are of oak, finished by Mr. Stickley's new method, so that all the native rich warmth and glow of the wood is retained. No luster or veneer conceals the pattern of the grain, for it has been treated more as the Japanese treat wood, that is, by rubbing and bringing out its character, rather than by concealing it.

The second group of photographs shows a distinctly fine class of furniture, yet the pieces have this same conveniently interchangeable and adaptable character. The davenport can serve as a bed in case of need, can be upholstered in any material or color desired, is soft, cozy and luxurious-looking. The

beautiful turning of the stretcher rail gives charm and distinction. This piece, and the chair shown below, are truly cosmopolitan. They would fit in a simple, old



This hand-turned oak furniture in the new finish brings distinction to living room or hall.

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fashioned house as sociably as in the most elegant of modern ones. The long table shows a delightful innovation of design in the placing of the legs, the breaking of the stretcher rail by the extra legs gives good line of design, as well as increases the strength of construction.

The quality of this furniture that makes it so notably different from any other is rather difficult to describe. It seems alive like a tree out in the forest and makes us want to say of it as we would of a beautiful tree that it is

"Sturdy with fifty winters, gracious with fifty summers."

It is sturdy of construction and gracious of line, vigorous yet kindly and its effect on the atmosphere is as enlivening and refreshing as the introduction of something brought in from the woodland.

One of the guards in the Metropolitan Museum seemed especially interested in the treasures under his care and gave the old makers rare praise in his own appreciative way: "They did nothing but

Library table and long bench of dark rich oak suitable for study or hall.

*Designed by
Gustav Stickley.*



leave beautifulness behind them," he said with the utmost reverence for the men who were able to make the things that hundreds and thousands of people go to admire and study. Very little of our present-day furniture will find place in the treasure houses of the future. Such articles as we have been illustrating combine the elements of lasting greatness because of their simplicity and workmanship.



A CRAFT-WORKER WITH JEWELS: RICH DESIGNS WITH AMERICAN "STONES"

"Imagination gathers up
The undiscovered universe
Like jewels in a jasper cup."



HIDDEN away in the fastnesses of our silent and somber mountains, in the crevices of our sun-bright desert rocks, in the bed of sparkling streams, along the shore of our blue seas, precious and semi-precious stones glow and burn with as varied and marvelous a palette of colors as any that paint the clouds when the sun is setting. Turquoises like the skies of Italy; matrix of peacock and green; lazulite running an uninterrupted blue harmonic scale; opals flaming as fire; deep rose and pale bluish quartz; pink rhodolite touched with green as though it were a moss rose-bud that gleamed on a rock; liquid sapphires pale amethysts, garnets and topazes, sullen bloodstones, sea green and true blue beryl, gray chalcedony, chrysoprase like frozen bubbles of the sea, emeralds like the grass of spring, rubies and moonstones, sleep undisturbed waiting for the jeweler Prince to waken them to life and give them the setting their beauty deserves.

In the vast storehouse of our land are agates, chiastolite, feldspar, azurite, malachite, peridot, kunzite and an innumerable company of gems and stones yielding the goldsmith every marvelous phase of color he can desire. Some of the stones are streaked and splashed, or blended in a way that makes them especially interesting as bits of color to the jewel worker, though these variations take away their worth from a dealer who desires his stone true to type. Our craftsmen are constantly finding new and beautiful ways of using these exquisite bits of color, not only as articles of personal adornment, but as useful articles for the house. Doubtless we will find many other lovely and valuable gems, not yet familiar to our lapidaries, stored away in secret corners of our land as we come to know it more intimately.

A CRAFT-WORKER WITH JEWELS

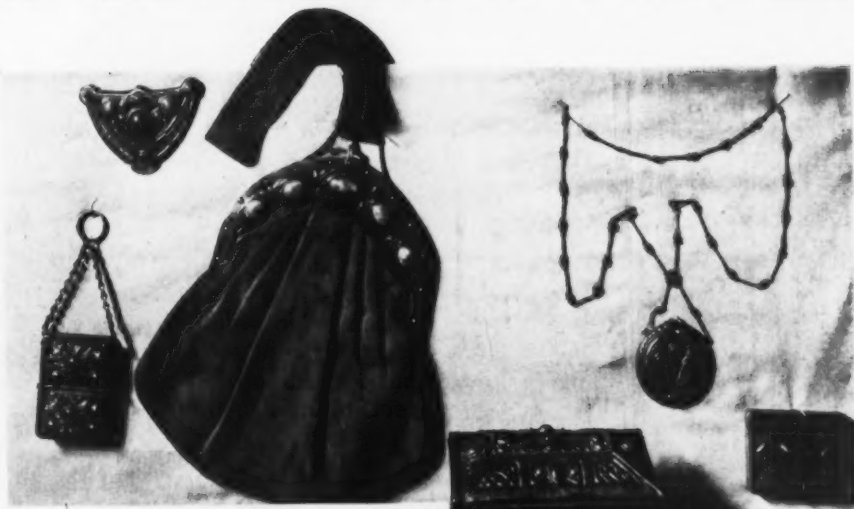
The asceticism of our pioneer women which drove them to discountenance the wearing of beautiful clothes and jewels, to deny themselves for conscience's sake, whatever savored of worldly pride or made them appear seemly in the sight of men is certainly the extreme of contrast from the attitude of their extravagant descendants, the women of today. Sackcloth and ashes, homespun and Quaker gray by the alchemy of progress have become transmuted into gay dashing color and immoderate display of jewelry. The pendulum which swung toward self-denial and suppression of a natural desire for beauty, has now swung as strongly the other way toward indulgence and the unbridled enjoyment of beauty. This continual gratification of the instinct for personal adornment has resulted in a fine appreciation and understanding use of lovely colors and graceful forms. American women have been apt in learning the art of dressing well and suitably, and though looking admiringly to the Old World for counsel, are gradually leaning toward a fearless and free expression of their own individuality.

One of the ways in which our progress toward individuality is most noticeable is in the matter of our use of jewelry, for women have recently taken to making as well as to wearing ornaments of silver and gold set with our own beautiful gems. With a handful of multi-colored stones from our own mountains and a knowledge of silver and gold and alloys a woman jeweler's imagination springs to activity and she fashions articles that add the finishing touch to costumes, as no man with his knowledge of the intricacies of woman's mind and gowns could ever think to make.

MANY American women jewel workers have done interesting and beautiful things with our native gems, the bright pebbles of our shores and the bubble-pearls of Abalone shells. Many are joining the ranks of those who love to make ornaments for other women to wear. We are showing some of the work of one woman who is steadily gaining international recognition for originality of design, rare color sense and perfection of workmanship. All the articles illustrated here are the work of Angela R. Vedder, the wife of the architect, Enoch Rosekrans Vedder, who is the son of the great and revered Elihu Vedder. With tools of her own making she carries out designs of her own creating, blending jewels and metals into astonishing combinations of color. Silver chains like frost patterns, rings like magicians' charms, jewel boxes and vanity cases come from her workshop.

Her great gift for harmony of colors is shown in the gracefully shaped bag made of silvery moonstone-blue velvet, mounted in silver, set with moonstones. Moonstones drip from the top of the bag, from

A LAPIS-lazuli blue suede purse mounted in oxidized silver, set with rich specimens of lapis-lazuli, at the right of the picture, and a bag of silvery silk embroidered in silver, mounted in silver set with moon-stones, in the center: These give a fair idea of Mrs. Vedder's gift in harmonizing color of materials and metals.



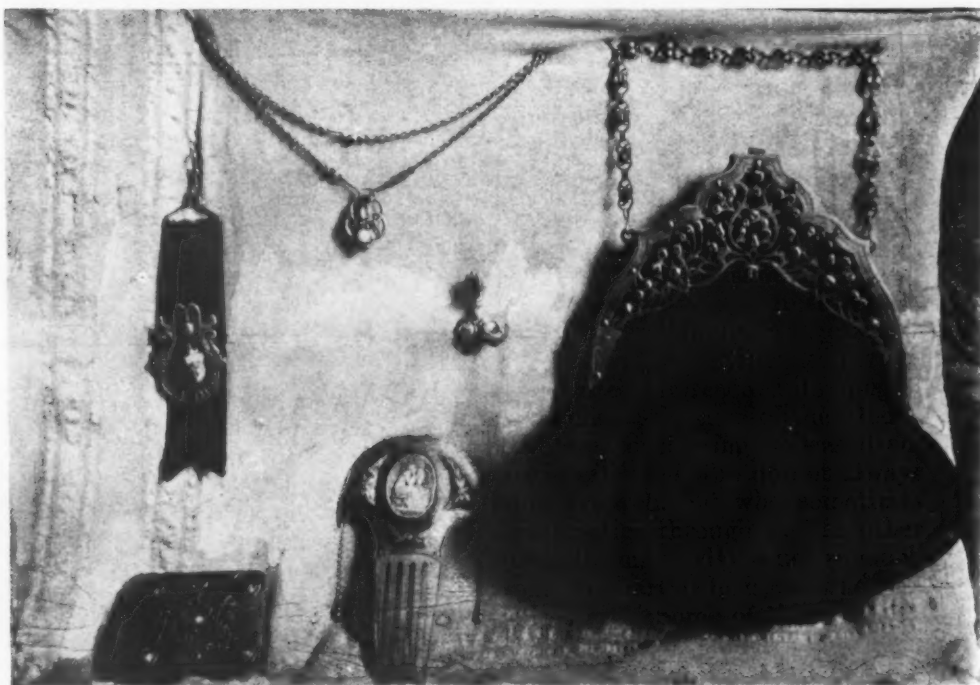
THE CLOISSONNE ENAMEL CARD case, purse and vanity box combined at the left of this photograph, the vanity case at the right corner and the jewel box of copper-gilt and silver repousse set with Japanese corals and fresh water pearls are good examples of finished craftsmanship.

From
Angela R.
Vedder's
Workshop.



THE BAG IS THE FINAL emphasis of the perfect costume and should be especially designed to complete the color scheme: Some women carry this to the extent of using their own birthstones as jewels and the color corresponding to each month: At the left is one such especially designed bag: Below are several novel designs from Mrs. Vedder's workshop: These are all made with tools of her own manufacture.

THE BAG BELOW IS OF dark amethyst brocade: The top is formed of open work silver and gold set with amethysts and silver: Amethysts and silver also form the chain so that the bag is a combination of amethyst, silver and gold worked out in metal as well as material of the bag.



A CRAFT-WORKER WITH JEWELS

fine silver chains like drops of water from a fountain. From the bottom of the bag a large caboshon moonstone hangs in a silver net. Another is of lapis-lazuli-blue suede mounted in oxidized silver set with specimens of richest lapis-lazuli. Still another is of heavy gray silk embroidered in silver, mounted in Spanish repoussé. One of her ambitions is to have a bag shop of her own. She is enthusiastic over the wide opportunity for color and texture combinations permitted in bags. She says they are the finishing touch of a costume and therefore should be especially made of a material and form to carry out and to emphasize the gown. In an elaborate costume the final emphasis rightly belongs to the goldsmith and jeweler.

Vanity cases are also important adjuncts of modern costuming, and she treats them in much the same way, designing each one to complete and perfect the scheme of color. One, a cloisonné enamel card case, purse and vanity box combined, is of copper gilt set with peacock-blue wood-opals—a wonderfully rich and striking creation. In the center of another copper-gilt card case she has set a Roman coin bearing the sign of Gemini. In each of the corners is a similar sign and between them a hazelnut design, emblem of this month, in repoussé. The clasp is a parti-colored sapphire, talismanic stone of Gemini. This was made for one who cared for such astrological emblems of her birth month. She made also a similar case of copper set with topazes using the sign of Scorpio with the monogram of the owner on the back. Sometimes to get the desired color effect she makes an alloy. One cigarette case of her workmanship is of iron and copper inlaid with sixteen karat white gold; in this is set a gold matrix. Another of her choice designs is a jewel case of copper, gold and silver repoussé after an old Celtic design set with Japanese corals and fresh water pearls.

Her idea of jewel making is to get back to one man pieces and to get people to wear the jewelry most suited to them. She thinks that the modern jeweler should be able to do anything and everything, from the blending of metals to the cutting and mounting of the stones, chasing, enameling, repoussé, etc. The repoussé work is almost a lost art nowadays and yet it is one of the highest of the silversmith's arts. It has been pushed aside in favor of cheaper work. Though a close student of old jewelry her work is marked by originality. It cannot be traced to any inspiration save that from her own mind as she fingers our American jewels. They suggest to her the forms in which they could most perfectly be set.

THE VALUE OF FLOWERS IN INTERIOR DECORATION

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—Wordsworth



If we think of the deepest meaning of Wordsworth's lines we realize that he must have received this profound impression of the beauty of flowers out of doors, where the sight of the wind swaying some tender, fragile blossom had stirred his soul deeply. And it is true that the outdoor surroundings, the atmosphere, the sunlight, the wind, all add to the mysterious beauty of the growing blossom. But this does not debar us from realizing the enchanting possibilities for beauty that flowers give us indoors.

The Japanese people have always realized this, and they have made it a great art to arrange flowers so that we see to the utmost their real values in decoration. It has been the custom of many of the Japanese painters to write the verses for their own pictures, giving some impression of the inspiration which flowers have been to artists. Korusai, in the poem, which he writes of his own painting of a young girl, says:

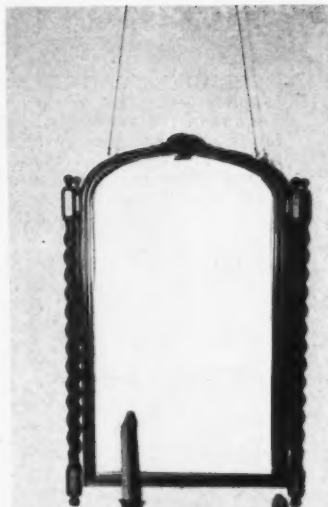
"Lo! I will draw two lovers there,
Alone amid their April hours,
With lines as drooping and as fair
As flowers."

In all Japanese poetry we feel that flowers stand to the people for youth, for freshness, for joy, and that is why unquestionably they form so large a part of the interior decoration in Japanese houses. In fact, all the arts are very closely linked with the humanities in the Japanese expression of them. If the spirit of a man is to be presented or the fantasy of youth, the richness of rare art enfolds it in the poetry of the Japanese writer. In the portrait of an actor in a tragic rôle, we read that "a music encompasses him like the thunders that pour across the heavens," or "with the strength of the hills he waits." The Japanese preëminently have



THIS GROUP of furniture shows Jacobean influence: Being of rich warm oak it would be brightened by almost any kind of flower: The basket and bowl on either side of the console give variety of form, texture, coloring and height.

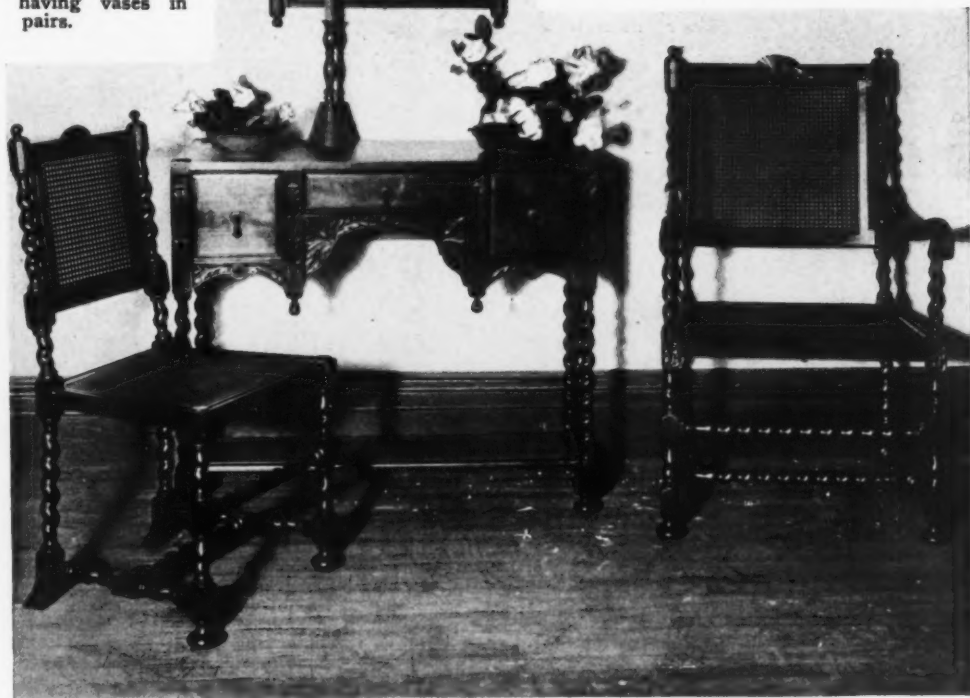
Two novel arrangements of flowers are thus brought closely together: The form and size should be distinctly different and kept far from the old style of having vases in pairs.

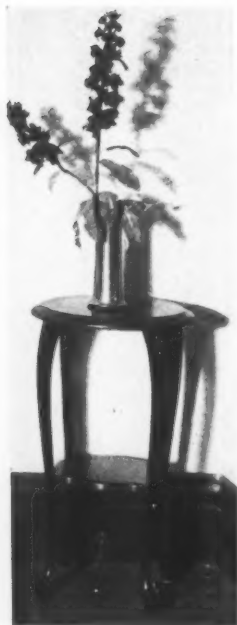


FURNITURE NOT ONLY makes a wonderful background for flowers, but sometimes suggests the form in which they could be arranged.

Sometimes the polished surface of a mahogany table permits an arrangement by which a rose rising above the edge of a bowl will be reflected as in a mirror, thus enhancing its beauty.

Sometimes a tall vase holding a single rose placed in front of the mirror from its reflection of the flower will lift the whole room into beauty.





PART OF the beauty of these two simple sprays of stock lies in the shadow they cast upon the gray wall: As in nature nothing is more beautiful than the silhouette of a flower upon a rock, so in the home a shadow gives the effect of outdoor naturalism.

SLENDER MAHOGANY BUD VASES supplied with glass or tin insert to hold water are one of the newest and most graceful forms for flower arrangement: Almost any small flower looks well in them and their height makes them especially suitable for luncheon table or chiffonier.



UPON THE LEFT HAND OF THE desk is a branched china vase something like a candelabra: Below are two smaller vases in the same ware and style.

This new grouping of vases permits a cascade of violets, extremely airy, graceful and unusual: Such a candelabra for flowers, standing in the center of a lunch table with individual vases to match before each plate, would make a fairylike table.



FLOWERS ARRANGED IN A RING
vase of Austrian porcelain in many shades made in a circle from which arise stems into which flowers can be placed are extremely ornamental.

THE VALUE OF
living bits of flower color in a room cannot be over-estimated.

A room that lacks the homelike quality is made instantly more livable by introduction of vases filled with flowers of colors to suit the room.



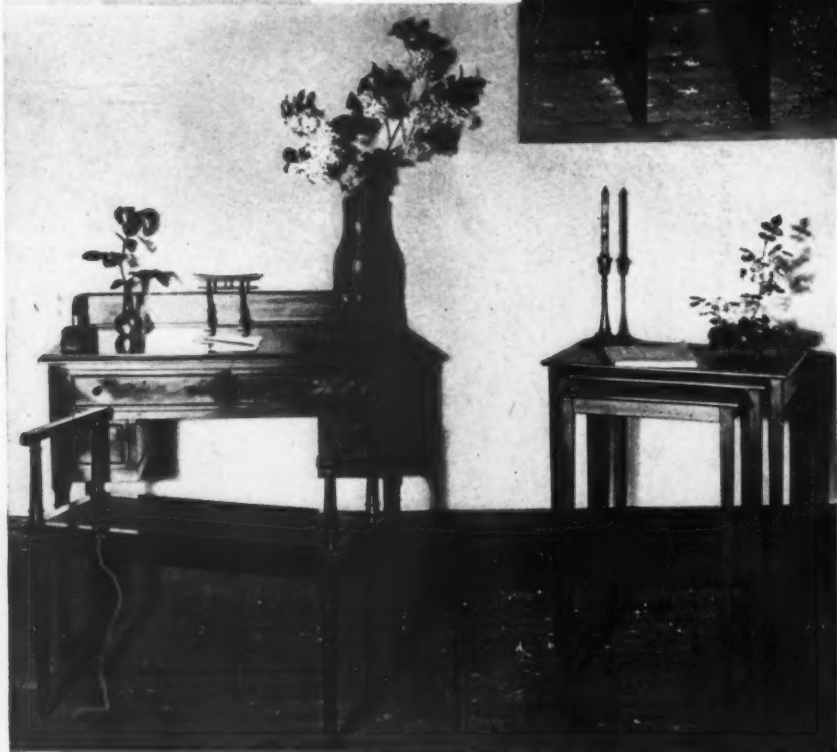
THIS FLOWER
pot of wood with two birds perched upon a trellis has been designed to hang upon the walls of a sun parlor or outdoor living room: And one flower or even a green vine gives an effect unusually decorative.



IN THIS CHARMING ARRANGEMENT FOR
tea table, roses have been used for the center bouquet and violets for the closer enjoyment of the guest have been set beside each place.

IF LIVING FLOWERS CANNOT BE had by the city dwellers a bunch of leaves gathered from the autumn woods or some of the many evergreens, such as laurel, rhododendron or leucothae placed in a jar serves to carry the woodland spirit into the house: Such a jar shown at the right placed in a hall gives pleasant atmosphere on entering the home.

A BRIT-TANY basket filled with silvery gray bayberries or burnt orange and scarlet bittersweet provides color and beauty if more perishable flowers cannot be had.



THE CHARM OF THE ABOVE DECORATION LIES IN THE color of the vase used in combination with the furniture and the contrasting of a large with a small arrangement of vases: Flower holders of bronze in the form of turtle, frog or lotus leaf must be placed in such a low bowl as shown at the right to hold the stems of the flowers placed with it.

NEW FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

the feeling that all arts are closely related and all intimate to man in his highest experiences. Hosoda Yeishi thus supplements the beauty of his portrait of a woman:

"Out of the silence of dead years

Your slender presence seems to move—

A fragrance that no time outwears—

A perilous messenger of love."

Again we feel the sense of youth and flowers—"a fragrance that no time outwears."

But great as is the loveliness of the Japanese understanding and presentation of flowers in their painting, in their poetry, in their homes, *THE CRAFTSMAN* does not so widely advocate Japanese floral schemes for the American home, as do so many magazines and writers. We appreciate to the utmost the art of flower arrangement as the Japanese artists have felt it and presented it; we feel, too, that it is right that anything so lovely as flower decorative schemes should be linked up with the history, with the symbolic beauty of a nation; but we realize more and more as we study the question of homemaking that every nation must express its own appreciation of nature and should connect its beauty with home making as seems most reasonable, most natural.

In this article on the artistic use of flowers in the modern American home we find that a real intimacy between flowers and furniture is becoming more and more noticeable in the well planned interiors. We are using flowers, as we use all beauty in our homes, much more informally than is the custom in Japan or in any of the European countries. I believe that no people have so loved flowers about them in their daily life as Americans. Our old New England gardens are famous, as are the Colonial gardens, the present-day gardens of the South and of the West. And who can remember a New England sitting room in the winter without seeing at the window row upon row of geraniums, lilies, begonias and foliage plants. Our women have really loved to tend flowers, to work in their gardens. We have not until recently had the showy formal gardens of Italy, France and England; but we have had little spaces cultivated with love, with delight and with the deepest sympathy for flower beauty and garden lore. As Mary Howitt so charmingly said:

"In the poor man's garden grow

Far more than herbs and flowers—

Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours."

And so, with this more simple attitude toward flowers in our gardens, in their cultivation, we have a simpler sense of floral arrangement in our homes. We want more flowers, we want them in every room where it is possible, we want them at our breakfast table, on the desk where we write our letters, on the stand with our books and magazines, on the little wagon that wheels in our afternoon tea and in profusion for the home dinner or the dinner party. And with this intimacy with flowers and the delight in their informal arrangement, we are actually acquiring a presentation of them as decoration that is distinctively modern and distinctively American.

The study of flower arrangement on the desk in one of our illustrations is particularly attractive and particularly American. A series of little white vases are placed on the different shelves of the desk, one above the other, culminating in a three-prong slender vase. All of these carry *Palma violets* placed loosely and gracefully. At the right of the same desk is a transparent bottle carrying a single wild rose. What letters could be written at this desk, love letters surely, or poems of spring!

On the first page of illustration a bowl of flowers and a basket were used. An interesting bit of gray pottery carries three lovely roses massed at one side of the bowl and this is one of the newest and simplest floral arrangements of the season which is bound to become widespread as the effect is at once unusual and rich. In the basket of Craftsman willow five roses are massed also at the side, rich red roses, leaving the basket only half filled, but the roses crowding up over the handle in a profusion of color and bloom. The inner part of the basket is lined with a transparent glass bowl. The use of pottery and baskets is seen everywhere in the most beautiful house decorations this winter, and the massing of flowers at the side of a bowl or a willow basket is a novelty which has been put out by the florist Stumpp, who created quite a sensation with this kind of flower decoration at a chrysanthemum show early in the fall.

The use of a tall jar with a single flower or branch on a stand holding nothing else is very much in evidence this winter, the stand to be placed near the fireplace, in a window or close to a doorway. And a

NEW FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

small writing desk with the slender flower holder in silver or gold or pottery carries a stalk of geraniums, a rose or a lily for the delight of the worker. In fact, more and more it is the custom to scatter a few flowers all about a room rather than to put dozens in a great jar or the bulking of many American Beauties in one huge tall vase. On a tea-table, flowers are separated in a "ring vase" with many holders. Against the wall we find in the new art style a holder of blossoms with a rack at the back against which blossoming vines may be trailed. This is especially attractive for a mass of green vines as the holder and the birds are brilliantly painted.

Even for a little luncheon party or dinner party of two there is more than one bunch of flowers on the table. In the illustration on page four hundred and twenty-nine a charming arrangement is given for a luncheon party. Deep pink roses in a crystal bowl are placed at one side of the table between two crystal candlesticks carrying pink candles. At the right of the hostess is a pottery bowl filled with loosely placed violets and one tall pale pink rose. It would be hard to imagine anything lovelier than this on the rich surface of a gumwood table with chairs at the side in gumwood and pale brocade upholstery.

An interesting arrangement for the country house in winter is the rustic basket filled with winter berries, bittersweet in the fall, holly and mistletoe for the holidays and for midwinter black alder and viburnums. These baskets are not only hung in the sitting room, in the hall, but often they are seen on the porch near the entrance of the door, where they seem to make for hospitality even before the door is opened.

In a picture shown on page four hundred and thirty we are giving a very interesting flower arrangement for a beautiful oak desk-set. At the right in a tall Fulper jar of yellowish tone is placed a branch of blossoms arranged somewhat after the Japanese fashion, and at the left is a small crystal vase carrying a pale pink rose. On the little nest of tables of nut brown mahogany a small Lenox china bowl carries apple blossoms, a tall spray and a low spray near it—otherwise the bowl is empty. The candlestick is of wood the same color as the desk and a bayberry candle gives forth a wood perfume which mingles deliciously with the apple blossom in the jar.

Although we have given these suggestions for flower arrangement for the use of rich

pottery, crystal bowls, baskets and rustic effects, we feel that deep in the heart of every woman who loves to decorate her own home is an instinct for the floral arrangement which will make her rooms the most beautiful, the most intimate to herself, the most enjoyed by her family; because without doubt each human being with any love for the beautiful uses it in relation to individual temperament and eccentricities. It is possible, even valuable, to outline plans of floral decoration, to express the delight that flowers give, infinitely greater delight than any formal work of art; but when it comes to the actual adjusting of the flowers to a home scheme of decoration, the placing of baskets or jars where they would give most delight, the assortment and the combination of flowers and colors of flowers, each homemaker will create for herself just the beauty her home needs and will express her own artistic impulse in so doing.

The color of the vase is almost as important a matter as the color of the flowers as far as decorative results in a room are concerned. The loveliest of flowers will fail of their harmonizing purpose if placed in a jar of discordant tone. There must be a complementary adjustment also in the shape of jar and flowers. A tall flower stalk is without grace if placed upright in a round squat bowl, even though it is craftily held by some one of the invisible turtle, lotus pod or glass weights so commonly sold for that purpose. There should be a sense of naturalism, instead of a stiff bending of the flower's natural traits to the will of the arranger. Baskets with glass inserts and picturesque handles offer one of the easiest opportunities for graceful arrangements.

ME AND ANDRA

A POEM, which Mr. Carnegie has often quoted to his friends, is entitled "Me and Andra." The first verse reads:

We're puir bit craiteurs, Andra, you an' me,
Ye ha'e a bath in a marble tub, I dook in the
sea.

Café au lait in a silver joog for breakfast
gangs to you;

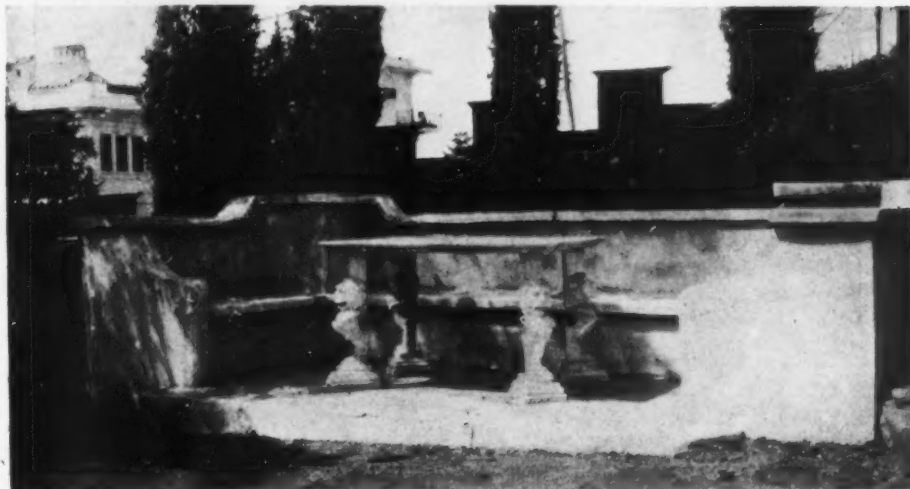
I sup my brose wi' a horn spuin an' eat till
I'm fu'.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly
ony,

My sky is as clear as yours, an' the cluds are
as bonnie;

I whussle a tune thro' my teeth to mysel'
that costs nae money. R. C.

CONCRETE IN GARDENS AND ALONG ROADS



THE ADAPTABILITY OF CONCRETE

MEN who construct for practical use and for permanence have long sounded the praises of concrete. Builders who value beauty as well as strength are but just beginning to realize that it is possible to put a soul in concrete as surely as in any other material. Much has been written in favor of this material with the strength of a stone that will take on as many tones as a lichen-painted rock, that can be molded into any form that can enter the mind of man to desire. A material unequaled for supports, buttresses, foundations, piers, that is also adaptable for fine pieces of garden statuary, for pottery, houses or walks, is surely worthy the immense consideration, study and commendation it receives from builder and artist alike.

Its utility seems unlimited. Every day some new use, some fresh tint, better method of manufacture is discovered, for constant experimentation is being carried on with this convenient material that is first fluid and then immovable and almost unbreakable.

Several novel and beautiful uses have come to our attention of late which we are showing for the benefit of people interested in this truly wonderful material. One of these is a delightful garden tea-house constructed after the style of those so often seen in the gardens of Italy. It is about 8 or 12 feet in size, with walls $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, 4 inches in thickness, crowned with

A PRETTY OPEN-AIR TEA ROOM OF CONCRETE: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT MARPLE.

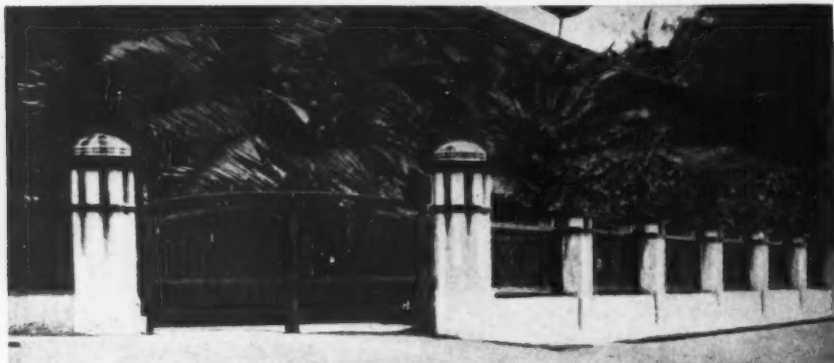
a cap 2 inches in thickness, 10 inches wide. Around the three sides of this outdoor tea-room is a seat 16 inches in width and 20 inches high. The floor is cement, so also is the table with its Florentine lion supports. When the seat is covered with gay garden pillows and the table made ready for afternoon tea or breakfast with fruits and flowers to complete the color, a more charming garden feature would be difficult to find. Aside from its decorative quality its worth as a permanent garden feature is considerable.

Another picture shows how concrete can be used to make the most charming of garden ornaments. The little boy poised lightly upon tiptoe pouring water from a shell makes either a graceful fountain or a bird bath according to the pleasure of whoever is fortunate enough to possess him. Placed before an evergreen hedge or high stone or brick wall so that the water from the shell will drip into the half round basin, he would



GRACEFUL FOUNTAIN OR BIRD BATH: BY ARTURO FERRILO.

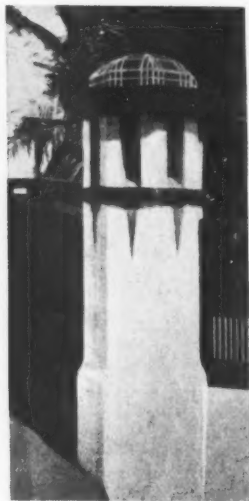
CONCRETE IN GARDENS AND ALONG ROADS



Courtesy of "Concrete Cement Age."

make a most ornamental little wall fountain figure. Another fine setting for this slender, well modeled little sprite would be upon the edge of a small pool in the center of a garden on a level with the ground, as if he had just come for a play with the water and the birds. By regulating the flow of water so that it drips but slowly he would serve as a bird basin.

The well muscled kneeling life-sized figure intended for a fountain or to hold flowers and vines proves again the artistic possibilities of concrete. These two figures made in any tint of gray desired to harmonize with the house, walls, terraces or walks of an estate grow steadily more beautiful as time passes, more like the old garden figures of Italy when the lichens have added their mellowing color. They are almost indestructible, and, being of a slightly rough surface, are more suitable for garden use than polished marble.



DETAIL OF GATE
POST AND LANTERN:
DESIGNED BY AN-
TONIN NECHEDOMA.

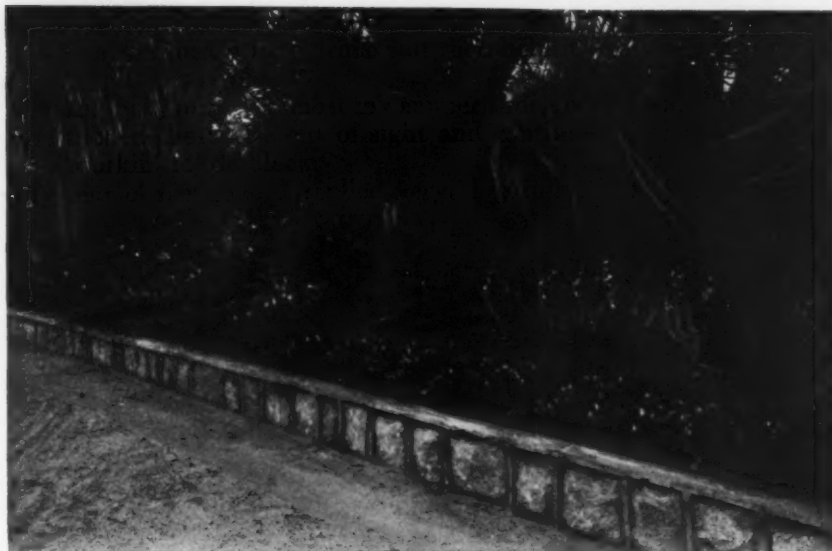
UNIQUE AND PICTURESQUE CONCRETE FENCE CON-
STRUCTED IN PORTO RICO.

in the way of a curb than this form of construction. The stones, which vary in size, have been cut and placed so that the tops and the face are comparatively straight. The rough, uneven back and base project deep into the earth, giving it firm "rooting." Concrete binds the stones firmly together, and along the top is a concrete cap 2 inches thick and 4 inches deep. The finished curbing, as may be seen in the picture, has more individuality than those ordinarily made.

The concrete pillars which mark the corners of this same property show an equal striving after originality, stability and usefulness. In this hilly land of sudden and often prolonged rains, gutters are of vast importance—their usefulness must be considered before beauty. This post serves as a bridge under which a sudden rush of waters may safely pass. The post of each of these pillars is 30 by 30 inches square, and opening beneath each tier is 18 inches wide and 8 inches deep. These corner posts not only mark boundaries of the line, but constitute impressive corner columns for driveway. A place for name of street has been left on the one side.

A concrete fence on lines of unusual beauty has recently been built in Porto Rico designed by Antonin Nechedoma. Though the tropic vegetation makes a picturesque background for this fence, it is no more attractive a setting than that of our own land. The posts are hollow cast in octagonal mold ornamented by mahogany bands fastened to the concrete by brass bolts. The panels, also of mahogany, make fine contrast with the gray concrete. Upon each post is a decorative panel of colored Fai-

CONCRETE IN GARDENS AND ALONG ROADS



WELL DESIGNED CONCRETE CURBING, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT MARPLE.

ence tile set into recesses left in the posts when cast so that the mosaic is flush with the surface. The hollow concrete of each post except those at the gate is filled with earth in which flowering vines are to be planted to drape over the posts and run along the top of the fence. The posts on each side of the gateway are lanterns glazed with leaded green glass, and the posts are surmounted by a cathedral glass dome lighted by four electric bulbs. This unusual and beautiful fence could easily be made in our country, the sizes of posts being proportioned according to the extent of the garden it enclosed.

Another use for concrete is in making little bridges for the gardens. Everyone knows that huge bridges of concrete and steel enable us to cross tremendous fissures of the earth; but concrete as used for small garden bridges is comparatively a new thing. The design should be very different from the usual rustic ones and not as we once painfully observed—a concrete bridge made in imitation of rustic! The simpler the lines the better, beauty being attained by proportion and shape of the arch.

Another use to which even an amateur could put concrete is in the making of stepping-stone paths for the garden or even of constructing sundials and bird basins. These could be easily made by use of soap boxes, dish pans, wash basins and stove pipes for the original mold, taking care to place an iron pipe through the middle to

conduct the water. In *THE CRAFTSMAN* for May, 1915, we showed several such designs made by a man absolutely inexperienced in the use of concrete, yet which were



CONCRETE FIGURE HOLDING JAR FOR FOUNTAIN OR FLOWERS: ARTURO FERRILO, SCULPTOR.

FIFTY DOLLARS FOR A NUT



CONCRETE PILLAR AT THE END OF CURBING SERVING AS A BRIDGE.

decided additions to his garden. Little benches to place at the end of a walk or against a screen or even beneath a flowering vine of some kind are simple to make and beautiful to own. They are excellent things for beginners to experiment with. If the interest in concrete continues after the first anxious trials, colored tile inserts could be introduced. With a very little experience in the handling of concrete and colored tile inserts, beautiful boxes for windows, jardinières for the porch or seats and sundials for the garden could be made.

Beside the beauty of furniture for the garden made of concrete with the colored tile inserts, there is endless opportunity for novel effects by coloring the concrete. One of the joys of working with concrete is that it is so adaptable to any use required of it. It will take on any form as easily as water and also can be tinted almost any tint desired. The tones of old ivory, terra cotta, soft gray greens, as well as the brilliant shades of red, gold, orange and green, can easily be added so that the body of the vase in which the tile is set can be tinted as wished. We once saw a coping for a garden pool of concrete and colored tile. The pool itself was lined with plain bright blue

tile. The effect was novel and well worth the pleasurable effort of construction.

FIFTY DOLLARS FOR A NUT: NEW NUT TREES FOR THE NORTHERN DOOR-YARD

SUPPOSE old man Baldwin had not told anybody about that first Baldwin apple tree? There would have been no Baldwin apples for the rest of us. Fortunately Mr. Baldwin knew an opportunity for fun, money, and public spirit when he saw it, so he grafted other trees from the original and gave scions to his friends. Thus we are now enriched by having many millions of Baldwin apple trees, all descended from the first and only original one.

The time has now come when we need to find dozens and scores of other Mr. Baldwins who will tell us about the good wild nut trees of America. We now know how to graft them, so that the finding of them amounts to something. We have most surprising resources in the shape of rare nut trees, if we just knew where they were. As an example of these unknown resources, I will cite the recent discovery in *Indiana* of three or four of the finest pecan trees in the world. It took looking to find these trees from among the thousands of wild ones, but it is true that somebody, some boy, some hunter, some observant farmer, has his eye on nearly all of the extra fine nut trees in his neighborhood. He should tell the world about them, that's all. The way is easy—simply send samples of the nuts, with an account of the tree to the secretary of the Northern Nut Growers' Association, Dr. W. C. Deming, Georgetown, Conn.

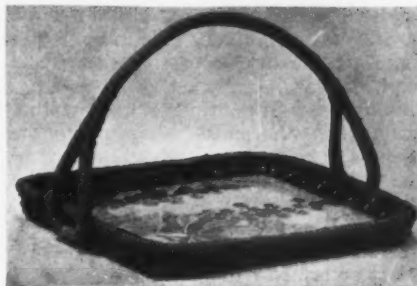
This association is made up of a collection of people who love nut trees and are interested in them. They held their annual meeting last year at Rochester, N. Y., September 1 and 2, and had an opportunity to learn about a lot of remarkable English walnut trees. This association wants your help so badly that it is offering money for it—\$50 for a hazel tree of American origin that can compete with the imported filberts; \$10 for a Northern pecan better than we now have, and \$20 for other nuts that are found by judges to be sufficiently valuable. Now send along your fine hickory nuts, shagbarks, black walnuts, pecans and hazel nuts. You would also be helping along this constructive work as well as yourself if you should join the association.

NEW DESIGNS IN MATTING BASKETS

NEW DESIGNS IN MATTING BASKETS: BY FRANCES KERR COOK

THE baskets here illustrated are all made with a combination of floor matting and raffia. The matting is separated into strands and sewed together with the raffia. As many as twenty-five or thirty strands of matting are held together as the coil is made so the work progresses rapidly and a medium sized basket may be completed in one afternoon.

All of these designs except those which have cretonne bottoms are started from a "coil button" in the center. To make this coil button take several strands of matting and after binding them with raffia for a short distance at one end, coil into a circle. Fasten with raffia which has been threaded into a large eyed needle. (The raffia will be rendered more pliable if soaked for a few minutes in water just before using). Hold this coil, which we will call the first row, in the left hand with the loose ends up and pointing left. For the second row coil the loose matting ends about this button and secure them by sewing them with the raffia (Bring the needle through the center hole of the circle with each of these stitches). When you have bound this second row



FRUIT BASKET OF MATTING AND RAFFIA.

producing contrasting colors in the raffia. A new row may be started with another color, simply fastening the old raffia as though it were thread.

New stitches should be inserted between the old rows when the distance between the stitches has grown too great. Otherwise your basket will become wobbly.

To make the sides of the basket flare or rise up perpendicularly, simply hold the new roll of strands up above the preceding one, instead of on its edge as before.

Candlestick. Diameter, base, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; top, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; height, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The bottom of this candlestick was made as described above for the starting of any coil basket. When the diameter of the base had reached $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches the rows were brought up to form the sides. After three upright rows the strands were drawn in tighter with each row until the top was reached, where the strands were gradually cut away under several successive stitches. Matting of the natural shade was used in this candlestick, with raffia in two colors, brown and natural.

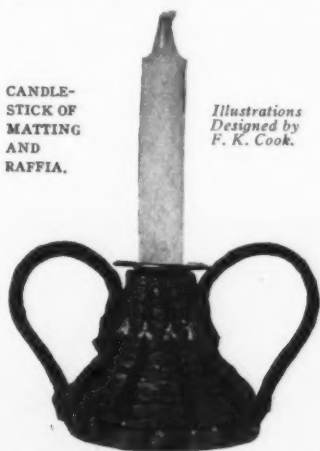
The handles were made by wrapping with raffia two rolls of matting with a reed inserted. They were then sewed to the candlestick with the same shade of raffia as used for the wrapping.

The tin candle holder was taken from the top of a common 10-cent candlestick, and simply inserted and sewed in with the raffia.

Fruit Basket. Dimensions, outside measurement $9\frac{1}{2}$ by 10 inches. A small pane of window glass 8 by 10 inches was used for covering the bottom of this basket. Two thicknesses of heavy cardboard were cut the exact size of the glass and covered on each side with Japanese towelling with a grapevine design in three tones of blue. Brown matting was used with raffia of the natural shade. Matting strands were then bound directly to this covered cardboard with the

CANDLE-
STICK OF
MATTING
AND
RAFFIA.

*Illustrations
Designed by
F. K. Cook.*



around to its starting point, begin the third row with the ornamental stitch illustrated. Continue to coil the strands, placing the stitches about one-half inch apart.

Always place the stitches of each new row exactly over the stitches of the row before it. The pattern may be varied by in-

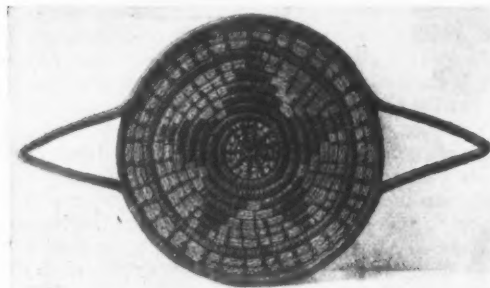
NEW DESIGNS IN MATTING BASKETS

same stitch described above. Holes may be made with an embroidery stiletto or hatpin if there is difficulty in passing the needle through the cardboard.

This first row of matting containing from fifteen to thirty strands (according to the coarseness of the matting) should be bound to the outside edge of the cardboard, the next two rows directly above the first row. Care should be taken to make the corners square so that the glass will fit in easily. The last or top row of matting was bound solid with the raffia. This was done by wrapping the raffia around the roll between each stitch instead of simply carrying it across from one stitch to another.

The glass was then laid in the tray and bound in by placing a roll of matting just above it around the edges of the basket and securing it to the sides with raffia.

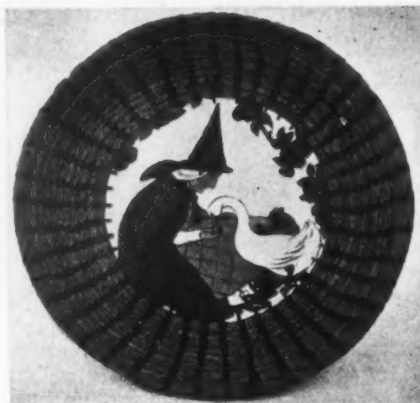
The handle was made by wrapping a long roll of matting and reed, shaping it into a loop at each end, and sewing it to the ends of the basket. Wire or willow could be



STAR PATTERN TRAY OF MATTING AND RAFFIA.

bound with the matting instead of the reed if desirable.

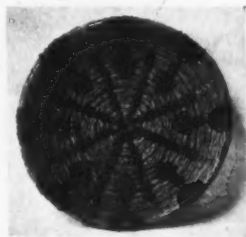
Star Pattern Tray. Dimensions, 12 inches in diameter; handles, 8 inches. This attractive star pattern is an adaptation from an old Indian design. The center is started like the other baskets. The distinctive design begins with the fifth row, which is wrapped solid with raffia between stitches. The sixth row is also wrapped solid. On the seventh row a short space was left at five equal intervals about the circle (these should be measured off and marked before commencing the row). On each successive row the spaces are repeated at the same intervals, but widened a little with each row. This causes the star points to form and to gradually taper toward the outside of the tray. A few stitches must be added between



OLD MOTHER GOOSE WORK BASKET.

the star points in order to hold the work firm. At the completion of the star, a row is wrapped solid with the raffia. Three more rows are made with the regular stitch, then the final upright row, which also forms the handles, is wrapped solid and a reed or two included to give added strength. The odd but attractive handles are shaped out to points while the reed is wet, and when dry retain their shape. The space left under the opening of the handles is then wrapped solid with the raffia with an over and over stitch. Natural colored matting and old blue raffia were used in this tray.

Indian Arrowhead Basket. Dimensions, diameter of top, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; diameter of bottom, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The little basket with the Indian arrowhead design was started with a coiled center as described before. When the eighth row was reached an extra stitch was introduced between the regular rows. These extra stitches formed the points of the arrowheads. On the ninth row three stitches were grouped together about each one of these extra stitches. On the tenth row five stitches, eleventh row one stitch, twelfth row three stitches, thirteenth row three stitches, fourteenth row one stitch, fifteenth row three stitches, sixteenth row five stitches, and on the seventeenth row seven stitches, which completed the



INDIAN ARROWHEAD BASKET.

NEW DESIGNS IN MATTING BASKETS



FIGURE ONE: COIL BUTTON.



FIGURE TWO: SECOND ROW.



FIGURE THREE: ORNAMENTAL STITCH.

basket, and the matting strands were cut away.

Brown matting was used with a deeper shade of brown raffia forming the straight rows of stitches radiating from the center, with the last four rows of raffia of the nat-

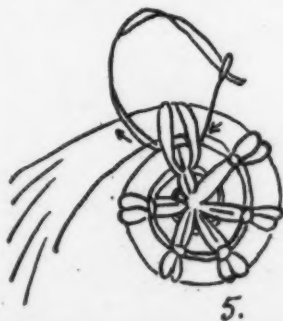


COM-
PLETED
STITCH.

ural shade. The arrowheads were put in with orange colored raffia.

Mother Goose Work Basket. Dimensions, cardboard foundation, $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches; diameter of entire base, 8 inches; height, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. For this basket cretonne in a nursery pattern was used to cover the $6\frac{1}{4}$ inch cardboard foundation. The first four rows of matting were then bound to this foundation in a horizontal position in order to enlarge the base. Eight rows were then slanted upward for the sides.

Illustrations show the coil button or first row, second row complete and making the ornamental stitch. This stitch is begun with



MAKING ORNA-
MENTAL STITCH
ON THE FOURTH
ROW.

the beginning of the third row when the raffia has been wrapped twice around the row bringing the needle from the back of the work up through the center hole with each of these stitches. The needle is then brought up under the loose strands instead of through the center. The raffia is crossed over the two stitches and the needle inserted on the opposite side of the stitches between the new row and the old. In the fourth the stitch is shown complete with the raffia drawn tight thus knotting the two stitches together. The fifth illustrates the method of making the ornamental stitch and is the same as that made on the third except that the needle is not brought up through the center each time.

With these suggestions as helps the basket maker could go on indefinitely making designs, enjoying her work and letting poetical



POSITION OF HANDS IN DOING THE WORK.

fancy dictate shapes and colors. The American Indians looked about them for designs and took from a flock of birds, a reed, or feather from an eagle a motif for the design of their basket. By coloring their own reed and rushes, introducing a bright bead, or the feather of a bird, they have made baskets which are models in color, form and poetical feeling that will endure for all time. The work is well suited for a woman's deft fingers, and there is no reason why we of this generation could not create baskets as interesting and beautiful as those made by the first Americans. Are we to be outdone in delicacy of thought and skill of fingers by those first women?

BOOK REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEWS

GARAGES, COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN

"THE coming of the automobile has introduced a new phase into the architect's daily work. The smart, shining, highly developed machine, quick, accurate and efficient, full of the very essence of modernity, with its irrepressible and confident chauffeur, seems to require more 'chic' accommodations than did even the smartest horses and vehicles of the last generation. The age of the automobile is the age of cement, of high efficiency electric lighting and of the banishment of germs and crevices which harbor them. The garage must be modern, light, shining and not only clean, but free from any possibility of harboring dirt in any form. So, though the architect may still affect the homely and reliable bicycle as his own personal mode of locomotion, he enthusiastically approves the change in habits of clients which makes necessary the designing and providing of a new type of building."

This quotation is from "Garages, Country and Suburban," published by the American Architect. Dealing with the structural features of a private garage and its equipment, the care of the car, safe handling of gasoline and with more than eighty pictures



PORTABLE GARAGE WITH TRELLIS FOR VINES.

of garages large and small, portable or of solid concrete with floor plans, architects' working drawings, it should be received with delight by whoever is contemplating the erection of a completely equipped garage. Beginning with the size, the choice of material, such as brick, stone, burnt terra cotta tile, lath and stucco, concrete hollow tile, concrete blocks, arguments for and against each of these are taken up, its value toward fire protecting, probable cost, etc., dwelt upon. Especially helpful is the advice upon floors with diagrams showing method of introducing the useful pit so that lurking gasoline vapors will not become dangerous and the suggestion for ventilation through openings in the walls near the floor. There is also good advice on lighting, heating, washing conveniences, how to make a turn table and a workroom, and an entire chapter on the safe handling and storage of gasoline.

The plates covering a wide variety of garages, with plans for building are exceptionally fine. We are showing a few of the different types. The first is a small portable garage so beautiful of design it might well



A GARAGE OF TAPES-
TRY BRICK BUILT
UPON A HILLSIDE
WHICH INCORPOR-
ATES A SPACIOUS
SQUASH COURT AND
GOOD-SIZED GUN
ROOM.



BOOK REVIEWS



A COMBINATION GARAGE AND HANGAR.

be mistaken for a garden tea-house. The trellis suggests that vines will some day increase this happy illusion. The next one of a more substantial nature is of tapestry brick built upon a hillside. This might be some favored person's suburban home so carefully designed and substantially constructed it is. Up in the crotches of a tree that has been left to give beauty to this building may be seen a rustic bird house. At the door are rustic chairs and seats for the comfort and pleasure of the chauffeur. One half of this spacious building is a squash court. It contains also a good sized gun room.

The combination garage and hangar floor foretells the future form of this new, almost indispensable adjunct of the country house,

for man must soon mount to the skies as well as skim the surface of the earth. The top floor of this large building is divided into a living room, kitchen, bath and three bedrooms—ample quarters indeed for a chauffeur or gardener.

A lovely little garage of concrete with sharp gable roof and wide generous wings nestling among shady trees is shown in another picture. The beautiful vine-covered concrete garage with oriole window and interesting planting of shrubbery at the left includes also a large workshop and suite of rooms for the chauffeur.

Another interesting plan is shown in which the three arches of the doorway give quaint architectural beauty. The upper part of the doors being made of glass assures light on dark days.

The small building made to simulate a pergola built on the hillside corner lot is a most unusual one. The road runs directly through the building so that the car may enter at one end and leave at the other. The pergola is built across this roadway exactly as though built across a garden path. The only dif-



CONCRETE GARAGE WITH SHARP GABLE ROOF AND WIDE WINGS.

BOOK REVIEWS



CONCRETE GARAGE AND WORKSHOP COMBINED.

ference is that it is wider and enclosed. (Published by The American Architect, New York. Illustrated with more than 80 pictures of modern garages with their floor plans. Price \$2.00 net.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE NATION WITH REGARD TO A PEACE PLAN; BY JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

THIS original and very interesting letter first appeared in *The Forum*, and has since been published with a foreword and argument in the present booklet form. Briefly stated, the author's plea is

man thought and action; the fact that the real object today of our so-called War Department is undoubtedly to preserve peace rather than to provoke war; and the consequent desirability of so entitling that department that its highest and not its lowest aim be kept before the minds of the people, stimulating that larger patriotism which merges into a sense of international brotherhood.

Perhaps the present moment may not be opportune for the urging of such measures; but when the European conflict is over, would not our President and Congress find it worth while to consider the far-reaching



BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED GARAGE WITH UPPER PART OF DOORS OF GLASS.

that the department of our Government now known as the War Department hereafter be called the Peace Department, that its ministers hereafter may be known as Secretaries of Peace, and that what are known as war policies may be in future peace policies.

At first glance, some may think this either paradoxical or too idealistic. But if one

good that might be indirectly and subconsciously brought about by the adoption of such phraseology not only in our own but in other lands? Those who enjoyed this letter in *The Forum* will be glad to find it in this booklet form. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 25 pages.)

BOOK REVIEWS



GARAGE MADE TO SIMULATE A PERGOLA BUILT OVER A ROAD.

HEMPFIELD: BY DAVID GRAYSON

"**H**OW is a man going to write a novel which he can never get into nor get out of, nor is able to jump right into the middle of action where it is most interesting," said *Nort*, the prodigal to David Grayson after fruitless struggles to get his great idea for a novel into readable shape. Grayson himself had no such trouble when writing "*Hempfield*," for no one knows better than he how to start in and when to stop and this is because he has the gift of seeing with his eyes and his heart and of telling in the simplest of fashion what he sees. "First we see things with our eyes, see them flat like pictures in a book, and that isn't really sight at all. Then some day we see them with the heart or the soul or the spirit—I'm not certain just what it is that really sees, but it is something warm and strong and light inside of us—and that is the true sight."

To him there is something wonderful in every matter-of-fact thing or workaday sort of person. And he makes the reader see through the unromantic external to the vivid soul of it. The commonest wayside bush, when he speaks of it, burns as with spiritual fire and the poorest drudge becomes a radiant Cinderella.

This novel is practically but another charming adventure in contentment and in friendship. One morning in May, the spring having opened with such splendor, that even he could not spend it in plowing, he hitched up the mare and drove to town, his excuse for such truancy to *Harriet* being that he had to get a few more ears of seed corn. What he was really after was an-

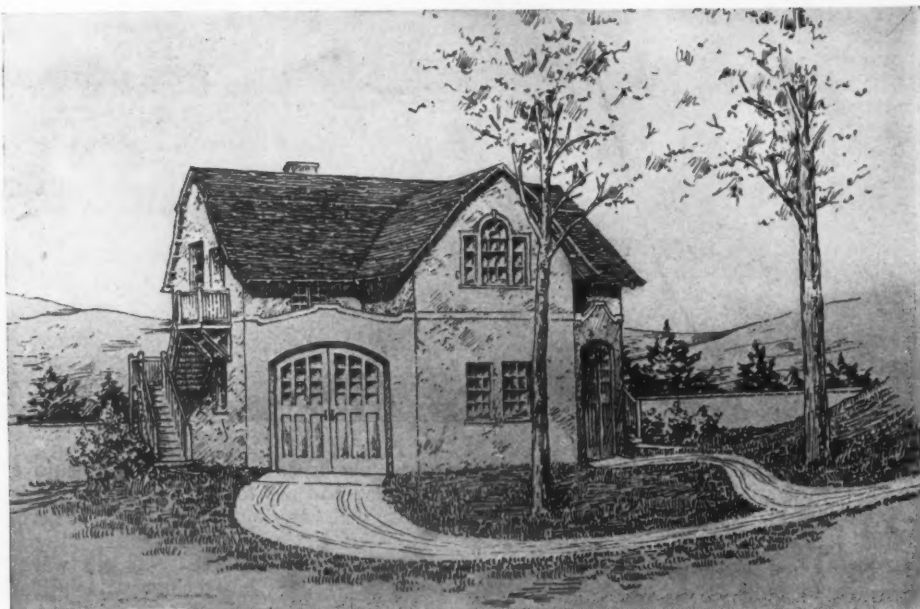
other adventure and he found it; enjoyed it hugely and has told of it so that we also are carried away by the amusing yet heroic efforts of the captain, of *Anthy*, *Fergus MacGregor* and *Nort* to get out a weekly paper called the *Star*, to make it scintillate as it ought to do and to pay its bills, which it was often hard pressed to do considering that the "insides" often amounted to the staggering amount of \$7.50 a week.

The novel is distinctly American and though dealing with simple folk in the simplest of ways holds the interest and touches the heart from cover to cover. There is not a dull moment in it despite the lack of thrilling plot; but the tender love, brave struggle, humor and quaint philosophy is enough. Every admirer of country living and of David Grayson's charming way of telling of it will welcome this addition to his adventures in life. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 335 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.35 net.)

EARLY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN: BY WALTER A. DYER

WALTER DYER has given us in this series of sketches of the lives of important personalities influencing the early development of industrial arts in America much more than is indicated in the title. He gives besides an interesting account of the lives of our distinguished craftsmen, a comprehensive history of American furniture in general and in detail. The time was, he says, when that "graceful, honest, product of eighteenth century America, the Windsor chair, was consigned to the porch or the kitchen or even the

BOOK REVIEWS



INTERESTING DESIGN OF CONCRETE SHOWING TWO ENTRANCES AND DECORATIVE OUTSIDE STAIRWAY.

garret because it was not mahogany." One whole delightful chapter is devoted to the history of these chairs which are so interwoven with the early romance and struggle of our country. The pages devoted to the clock makers, "those austere, industrious, shrewd old Yankees . . . for the most part self-made men achieving success through their Puritan virtues of perseverance, long headedness and sobriety," and their spring, musical, plain, church and hall clock creations make absorbing reading. Baron Stiegel and his glassware, the versatile Paul Revere as famous as an engraver, designer and maker of old silverware, publisher of historical and political cartoons, manufacturer of gun-powder, church bells and rolled copper, as well as for his wonderful midnight ride, are given new value by his descriptive pen.

He tells about American pewterers and braziers, about the potters of Bennington, about looking glasses and frames, woven coverlets, and various other things that every collector desires to obtain information about. The many illustrations help to make this book invaluable to the student and lover of old things. No one knows better than Mr. Dyer how to write about old things and to bequeath to the reader his knowledge and joy of them. (Published by The Century

Co., New York. 382 pages. Illustrated. Price \$2.40 net.)

INTERIOR DECORATION: BY FRANK ALVAH PARSONS

"THE very term 'interior decoration' is misleading, and is the cause of much of the bad interpretation of the decorative idea for which it stands. Love of beauty and the desire to create it is a primal instinct in man. The personal pride and pleasure one takes in his own house is too generally acknowledged to need comment. If, however, one desires to possess a so-called artistic house, the making of such a house involves an understanding of certain principles," are the opening words of Frank Alvah Parsons, president of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts in his recent presentation of the principles of interior decoration. This quotation gives the key to the whole endeavor of the book—to increase the love of beauty as expressed in the furnishing of a home and to give the reader help in establishing it.

From his long experience as director of the school and continued association with craft workers he has evolved many principles that are invaluable to people who are anxious to create a harmonious home yet are unable to come within personal touch of

BOOK REVIEWS

professional decorators who would be able to give them the assistance they so earnestly craved. He gives excellent advice on when, where and how to decorate, explains the importance of color and its relation to the decorative idea. Some of the chapters are on the principles of form and their relation to decoration, on balance and movement, emphasis and unity, on scale, motive and textures as they relate to furnishing and decorating.

In one division of the book he goes back to the historic art periods, the ideas which they represent and the influence which they extended. Following this group of nine chapters are suggestions on the modern and individual house and its details, of the choice, framing and hanging of pictures, curtains, bric-a-brac, lighting, etc. In fact, there is hardly a problem that could come up in the mind of an amateur eager to do the right thing in the all-important matter of furnishing the home upon which he has not given some illuminating advice. The many pictures illustrating the principles he expounds are valuable additions to the book which is destined to be added to the lists of all those devoted to the art of interior decoration. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 284 pages. Illustrated. Price \$3.00 net.)

OPERA SYNOPSIS: BY J. W. McSPADEN

IN this compact hand-book are given the plots of eighty-eight of the better known romantic, light and grand operas, also enough data on the composer, history of his production, cast of characters, etc., to give the student insight and a clear understanding of the real significance of the operas. All opera goers as well as students outside of the large cities which produce operas, will find this concise little volume a great help. Its author is already familiar to every music lover through his "Stories from Wagner." (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 461 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE LAW-BREAKERS: BY RIDG-WELL CULLUM

ANOTHER tale of mystery, thrilling adventure, surprise, action and love from the author of "The Way of the Strong," "The Watchers of the Plains," and "The Night Riders." This time the scene

of adventure is laid in Western Canada and deals with a brave man's efforts to track down a notorious gang of whiskey-smugglers. The mystery which dominates and holds the whole story is lifted only with the capturing of the head of the gang—the climax of the last chapter. (Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 350 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.35 net.)

BETWEEN THE LINES: BY BOYD CABLE

A BOOK written at the front within sound of the German guns, a graphic account of the struggle that has gone on for months between the fighting lands. The chapters are so many vivid pictures—serious, helpful, pathetic, tender, gay and despondent that give those who are outside the lines an intimate understanding of the heroic life of the splendid fighters. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 258 pages. Price \$1.35 net.)

THE WAR LORDS: BY A. G. GARDINER

AN attempt to consider the origins, issues and conduct of the war in the light of the personalities of the principal actors; an analysis of the influence of certain men upon the past year's historical events. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 327 pages. Price 40 cents net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"THE Pilgrim Kings," by Thomas Walsh. The title is from the first of a group of the author's most recent dramatic poems, that have been gathered together in this small form. (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. 130 pages. Price \$1.25.)

"Ashes and Sparks," by Richard Wightman. The first collection of poems by the author of "Soul Spur," poems of forests and of the open air, of youth and old age. (Published by The Century Co., New York. 133 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

"The Log of the Ark," by Noah. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 147 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

"The Belgian Cook-Book," Edited by Mrs. Brian Luck. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 151 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE FOR MARCH AND APRIL

OUR SPECIAL GARDEN AND BUILDING NUMBERS

GARDENS with houses within their hearts for our March number and and houses with gardens all about them for the April number! Because gardens filled the world before houses came to rest in them, because impatient green leaves push aside the sod and demand our attention before the builders need their plans and orders, the garden number will come first, in March, along with the spring winds that fill us with desire to dig and to work in the earth with the flowers that are clamoring for our help. This number will be like a garden of flowers, fountains, little paths and noble trees as to beauty and like pages from the book of gardener's wisdom as to text.

It will be full of practical help, valuable suggestions and stirring inspirations. There will be articles on Shakespeare's Gardens, Fruit Trees in the Gardens, and Fruit Trained Espalier-Wise against walls, on Wayside Flowers, and Nature's Gardens in the Yosemite. There will be a charming article on Everybody's Gardens, another on a Bungalow Garden, still another on Accidental Effects in Gardens. The Garden Beauty Contest held in Los Angeles, beautifully illustrated, will interest both East and West; Boys' Work in Vacant Lots, School Gardening and Little Feathered Gardeners will have pages all to themselves. So also will the Seashore Plants and Flowers. Suggestions for the planting and color arrangement of annual and perennial borders, a delightful sketch called a Botticelli Border, and a strong talk upon the new development of landscape gardening are part of our plan. Will Levington Comfort, we are pleased to say, has contributed a characteristic talk upon Roses.

These are but suggestions as to the beauty and practical inspiration of this, our annual garden number.

The April number will be devoted to House Building and Home Making. Floor Plans, Home Conveniences, Window Blinds Old and New, Doors and Hinges Old and New, Decorative Drain Ends Old and New, Lighting, Plumbing, Heating, Sanitation, all will be presented in manner both helpful to read and beautiful to look at.

This April issue, our Annual Building

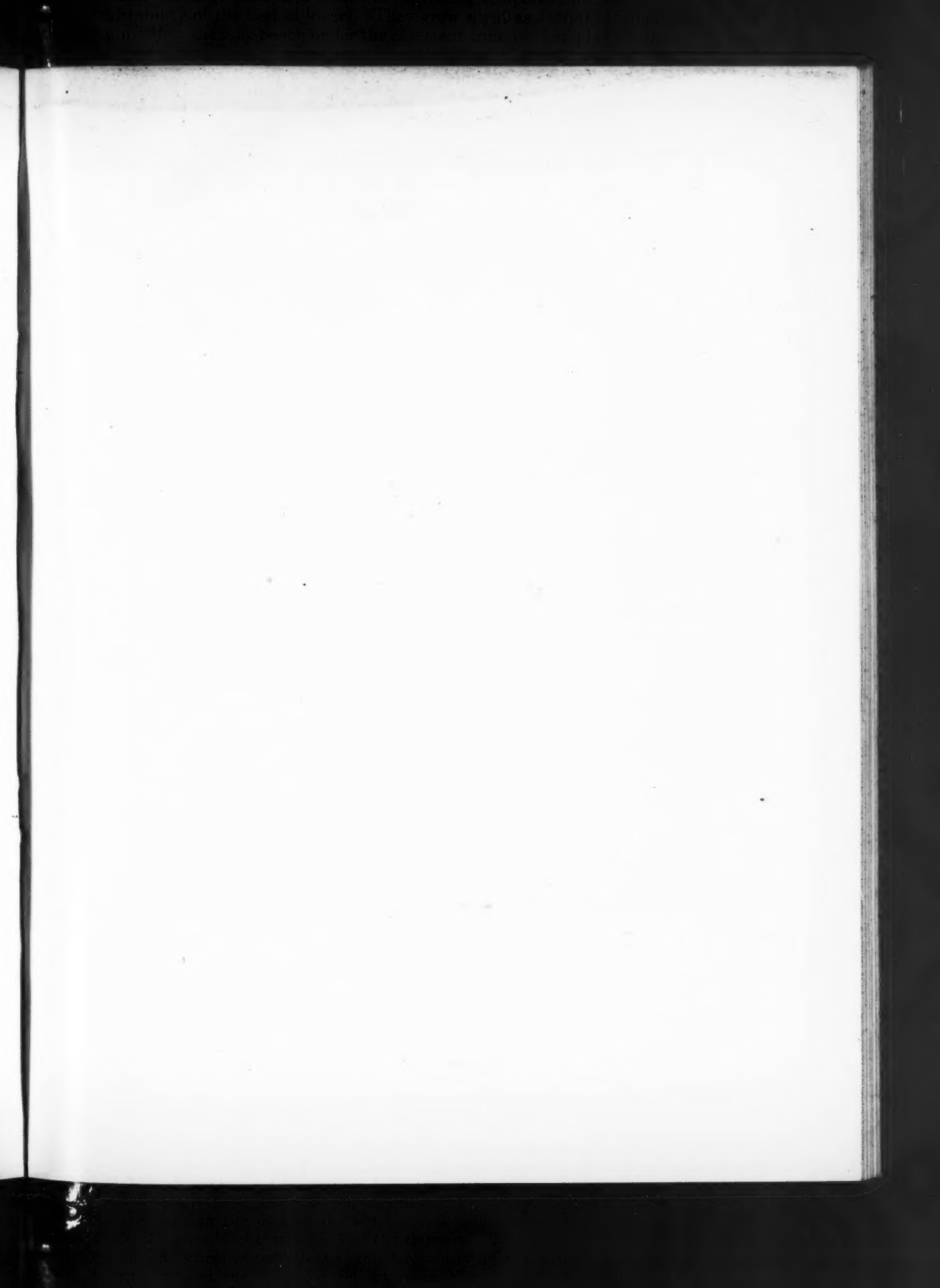
Number, will contain the most interesting New Ideas in Architecture and Building gathered from the New York Architectural League's exposition. Special space has been reserved for this most important material. Caretto and Forster will be represented by a group of houses including Inexpensive Seaside and Forest Cottages and Imposing Colonial Brick, even a wonderful Country House developed from Ancient Timbers and Carvings brought over from England. Brick and Stone Fireproof Houses of Duhring, Okie & Ziegler, and picturesque three-story houses present a variety of modern domestic designing.

This number also will contain the Third of our Series on Architecture, which will deal with the Ideas of Modern House Making from the standpoint of a famous eastern architect, the Pergola as a link between house and garden, Color in architecture as introduced in mortar, Shingle Stains and Paint, the Miniature Bungalows built for models and Post Boxes for the Suburban Dwellers' consideration.

These two numbers, covering subjects dear to American hearts, represent more than a year's editorial work of selection and personal writing. The best that has been offered us through the mail, the best that we could order from authoritative workers, the best that we could write from our own knowledge and experience has gone into the making of these numbers.

If any subject could inspire and interest both writer and reader it surely would be the home and the garden. Their beauty and our reverence for all they mean to us indeed furnishes unparalleled incentive. We make these the largest issues of the year, because they cover the subjects our readers desire most of all to know about. Every mail brings anxious inquiries from home makers for our help in the planning and furnishing their home and in the planting of their gardens. Gardens have come to mean an out-of-door room to many people and the porch a favorite living room. They cannot be overlooked in the planning of the finest event of our lives—the building of our home.

Special Offer to New Subscribers: FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR THREE DOLLARS. This may include the first three of our series of Music Articles beginning in October, 1915, or, the subscription may begin with January, 1916, expiring March, 1917, which will include our Special Garden Numbers of each year.





From the Fall Exhibition of the National Academy.

"AN OLD SONG,"
Francis Day, Painter.